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THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY H. B. H.

"Gray hairs are the blossoms of death."
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

I looked in the mirror and saw a faint thread
Of silver among my brown hair,
Which whispered: "Thy youth with its freshness is fled;
Age and its wrinkles prepare.

"Among the long braids that encircle thy head,
And crown as with beauty thy brow,
There soon will a lustre, a glory be shed,
Which Time will in honor bestow."

I questioned the comer—I could not refrain:
Art thou the forerunner of age?
And am I so aged that thou will remain
An index to point to life's page?

My strength is not lessened, my eye is not dim,
My step is elastic and bold;
I am twoscore and ten, but I surely don't feel
In my heart that I yet have grown old.

I love with the ardor of days long ago;
I love to be loved just the same;
Far sweeter the praises that love can bestow
Than trumpet-toned voices of fame.

I love the sweet flowers my childhood that blessed,
The trees and the marigold fair;
The song of the bird in his rich plumage dressed
Is as sweet when it floats through the air.

I smile with delight at the pastimes of youth,
I weep at their sorrows and tears;
Their laughter and joys are reflections of truth—
Returnings of earlier years.

Then mingle, ye soft silver threads, with the brown—
Ye may be "the blossoms of death:"
But I'll fearlessly view ye, without tear or frown,
While my heart beats with Summer's warm breath.

I cannot grow old while I feel all the glow
Of youth in each pulse of my heart;
Time may cast o'er my forehead his frostwork of snow,
But from youth I will never depart.

I'll revel in all that is harmless and sweet,
In beauty and music and song;
Old age, with its terrors, shall sit at my feet—
My soul still to youth shall belong.

Not gray hairs alone mark the footsteps of time,
Although for the grave they may bloom;
But to lose all the brightness and freshness of youth,
And live in a circle of gloom—

This, this is old age; though the limbs may be round,
And the hair be unsprinkled with gray.
Few flowers in pathways of life will be found
Where clouds ever darken the way.

Then turn to the sun all the blossoms of life,
And open the petals of love;
Drink deep of the dew with which nature is rife,
Till we bloom in the gardens above.

"The Larches," Feb., 1876.

FROMENT & RISLER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

[The French Academy, Paris, awarded its Medal for Literary Excellence in 1875 to M. Daudet because of this story, which within six months reached its Eighth Edition.]

TRANSLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CELIA LOGAN.

CHAPTER IV.
THE GLOW-WORMS OF SAVIGNY.

SAVIGNY-SUR-ORGE.

MY DEAR SYDONIE.—Yesterday we were at table in the large dining-room. It was a little bored. My good humor was in a bad humor all the morning, and my poor mother did not dare to say a word, frightened at his frowning brows, which have always been law to her.

I thought it was truly a pity to be here quite alone, in the middle of the Summer, in such a beautiful place, and that I should be very happy, now that I have left the convent, and am definitely free, when whole seasons in the country, if I could have, as formerly, someone with me in the woods and under the trees.

George came to my aid in time, but he always comes very late, only for dinner, and goes away again the next morning before I am up. He is a very serious man now. He works in the manufactory, and talks of business often with me in his brusque manner, but thus far in my reflections, when suddenly papa turns to me. "What has become of your little Sydonie?" he says. "It would give me a great deal of pleasure to see her here sometimes."

You may think I was happy. What joy, to be together again, to renew that dear friendship which was interrupted more by the exigencies of life than our own fault.

How many things we shall have to tell each other! You alone had the power to smooth the wrinkles from the forehead of my father which gradually he will bring gayety to us, and, I assure you, we have need of it.

It is such a desert, this beautiful Savigny! Do you know that sometimes torquetish ideas take hold of me? I dress myself, I make myself handsome, with my head dressed, and in a pretty costume. Then I walk in the promenades, when suddenly I perceive that I have dressed myself for the glow-worms, that I am alone, all alone, and that I am not even turn when I pass. In spite, I go in and put on a linen dress, and busy myself about the farm, the office, and a little everywhere else. I begin to think that being bored has made me perfect, and that I shall make an excellent housewife.

Happily, the hunting season soon begins, and I count on that to make me a little active. Several of George's friends, who are both great sportsmen, will come oftener, and you will be here; for you must reply at once, and say you are coming. Mons. Froment said recently that you were not very well. The air of Savigny will do you good. Everybody is expecting you, and I am almost dead with impatience.

Your

DEARIE.

Her letter written, Claire Froment put on a large straw hat—for the first days of August were warm and splendid—went herself, and threw the missive into the little box from which the postman took the letters.

The letter went its way faithfully; it arrived in Paris that same evening, with the stamp of Savigny upon it, fragrant with the perfumes of the country, and was borne to the fifth floor of the Rue de Prague. What an event it was! Sydonie read the letter three times!

From that question became of less importance now. The great matter was to find out what dresses she must have to take to the country. They were soon very busy cutting, contriving and trying robes.

Unhappy Frants! how these preparations saddened his heart! Savigny, which he had not wish opposed, would put off their marriage. Without his knowing why, little by little each day Sydonie seemed to be farther off from him; and once at that great place, surrounded by pleasures, who could tell how long she would stay?

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Monsieur Froment, who came only from time to time, and then was always preoccupied by business, did not enjoy himself at Savigny. Claire alone seemed thoroughly at home there.

As a child, she ran about and made herself acquainted with every nook and corner of the old place. Her grandfather regarded her as a strange creature, quite out of place in his family. His daughter had been all submission to him; her child understood and asserted her right to everything. "She will be a proud, queer creature, like her father," he would say.

He liked little Sydonie Chebe much better. She was a daughter of the people, one after his own heart. She was open-mouthed with astonishment at the sight of that little Parisian, so vulgar and pale, so that altogether he had never forgotten her, and when, after so long an absence, Sydonie arrived, with her flowing hair, pretty figure, her face bright and sparkling with expression, her dress neat and tasteful, with only a little, just a little of the shop-girl in it, she impressed him very favorably. He was astonished to find her a grown-up young lady instead of the child he had expected, but he thought her a great deal prettier and much better dressed than Claire.

How soon Sydonie felt herself at ease in all the refinements of wealth! Here, indeed, was an existence which suited her. She took to it readily to her new life that it seemed as if she had never had any other.

Suddenly, in the midst of her delicious dream, a letter from Frantz called her back to the realities of her own class of life, to her miserable condition as the future wife of a mechanic, and in imagination led her to the mean little rooms which they would occupy on the top floor of some dirty, dark house of which she seemed already to respire the foul, heavy air, thick with wretchedness.

Break off the marriage! Certainly she could, since she had given no other pledge than her word; but if she threw away this chance of getting a husband, how did she know that she would not come to regret it?

In her little head, filled with ambition, the strangest ideas warred with each other. Sometimes, when old Grandfather Gardinois chatted pleasantly with her, she looked at him fixedly with the whole power of her eyes—oh! if he were only ten years younger!

But the thought of becoming Madame Gardinois did not take deep hold of her, for a new interest, a new personage, entered into her life.

George Froment, who before the arrival of Sydonie dined at Savigny only on Sunday, now came to dinner nearly every day. He was a tall, feeble, pale young gentleman, elegantly dressed. He was an orphan, who had been brought up by his uncle, Mons. Froment, who designed him to succeed him in the business, and also to become the husband of Claire. This future, all arranged for him, seemed to the young man blank enough. In the first place, he hated commerce; and then, as to his cousin, there existed between them a good feeling, the result of a common education, a confidence that came of habit, but nothing more, at least on his side.

Sydonie immediately felt ill at ease, timid, and yet at the same time anxious to change everything. She had the free grace and girlish way necessary to please a man of his tastes, and it was not long before she saw that impression she had produced upon him.

When the two young girls were strolling in the grounds, it was always Sydonie who thought at what o'clock the train from Paris would be in. When they went together to the depot, George's first look was for Mademoiselle Chebe, who always dropped a little behind her friend, with a poor air, and that spoke as much as the eyes. This by-play was kept up for some time. They did not speak of love, but every word and every smile exchanged was full of unspoken vows.

One Summer evening, cloudy and heavy, the two friends left the table as soon as dinner was finished, and strolled through the elm-grove. George joined them. They conversed upon indifferent matters until Madame Froment called Claire from within the castle.

George and Sydonie were left alone.

They continued their walk, neither speaking nor drawing nearer to each other.

They were guided by the white waves of sand. A light breeze made the elm-leaves quiver; the water gently rose and fell, laving the arches of the little bridge; the scent of flowers perfumed the electrified air. The young man and woman felt themselves in an atmosphere vibrating, penetrating. From the depths of their troubled eyes flashed looks of warm regard, like the lightning which illuminated the limits of the horizon.

"Oh, what beautiful glow-worms!" said the young girl, whom the silence, interrupted only by so many mysterious sounds, embarrassed.

At the border of the sward, lighting up the blades of grass, were a few gleaming green worms. She stooped to take one on her glove. He came and knelt near her, and, bending down, their heads, their cheeks touched, and they gazed at each other a moment by the light of the glow-worms. How strange and charming she appeared to him, with the green reflection shining o'er her bending face, which seemed to become vaporized in the mystery of her waving hair. He put his arm around her waist, and suddenly he felt that she adandoned herself to him; he strained her to his breast long and ardently.

"What are you looking at there?" demanded Claire, standing in the shade behind them.

With a little start in his mouth, George trembled so he could not answer. Sydonie, however, rose calmly and replied:

"Why, at the glow-worms. See how many there are to-night, and how they shine!"

So did her eyes with an extraordinary light.

"It's the storm, no doubt," said George, still trembling.

The storm was ready to burst. They all returned to the house. The young girls took their work, George tried to read, and Gardinois and his son-in-law played billiards in an adjoining room.

How long that evening seemed to Sydonie! She had but one desire—to be alone—to give rein to her thoughts. In the silence of her bedroom, after she had extinguished the light, what projects, what transports of joy she dreamed and felt. George loved her, George Froment, the heir to the manufactory, loved her! They would marry! she would be rich!—for in that little venial soul the first kiss of love awoke ideas only of ambition and luxury. To assure herself that her lover was sincere, she recalled every detail of their scene under the elm-trees, the expression of his eyes, the warmth of his embrace, the hesitating vows that one solemn moment had fixed forever in her heart.

Oh! the glow-worms of Savigny!

* * * * * * *

The next morning, by the time she rose, her plans were all laid. George loved her, that was certain; but would he dream of marrying her? She thought not; but that did not alarm her. She felt herself strong enough to dominate that childish soul, both feeble and passionate.

This is what she did. During several days she was cold, inattentive, willfully blind and without memory. He tried to speak to her, to snatch again another happy moment; but she avoided him, putting somebody always between them. Then he wrote. He hid his letters in the hollow of a rock, near a little limpid stream they called "The Phantom," shadowed by the roof of an old hut.

Sydonie thought it delightful. Every evening she invented some excuse for going to "The Phantom" alone. The shadow of the trees thrown across the walks through which she hastened, the excitement, the scrambling, the fear and romance, made her heart beat high. She always found her letter bathed in dew from the intense cold of the stream, and shining so white in the moonlight that she hid it quickly for fear of being surprised. And then, when she was alone, what joy to open it, to decipher its magic characters, the glowing words of love, which seemed surrounded by dazzling circles of blue and yellow, as if read in the blaze of the sun.

"I love you—love me," wrote George, ringing the changes on the old, old story.

At first she did not reply; but when she felt certain that he was deeply in love, all, all here, although exasperated by her coldness, she said plainly:

"I shall never love anyone but my husband."

CHAPTER V.
A SUDDEN DEATH.

September came. The hunting season had gathered at the castle a large and noisy company. The drawing-rooms, brilliantly lighted, after the chase were always filled with people, among whom, while Claire spoke, little Sydonie fairly shone. She knew how to smile, and to the generality of the guests seemed the only lady present. Her success intoxicated George still further, but she became more and more reserved with him. He swore to himself that she should be his wife, but with an exaggeration characteristic of weak people who appear to combat beforehand objections to which they know they will eventually yield.

For Sydonie it was the happiest moment of her life, but a sudden calamity befell and annihilated all her hopes.

One morning, while hunting, Mons. Froment was accidentally shot near the temple, and was brought home mortally wounded. The whole castle was in consternation.

All the guests left at once. Claire, wild with grief, shut herself in the bedroom of her agonized father, and did not leave him, while Risler, apprised of the accident, came and took Sydonie home.

The day before her departure she had a last interview with George, at "The Phantom"—a farewell interview, painful and secret, solemnized by the presence of death. They vowed to love each other eternally, agreed upon a place where they could correspond, and separated. Laughtonious return! Rudely Sydonie was brought back to her every-day life by the despairing Risler, to whom the death of his employer was an irreparable loss. The very first day Frantz came and took his accustomed seat; the searching looks to cast upon her, and words addressed to her silence, seemed intolerable. In spite of his timidity and self-distrust, the poor boy believed himself exercising only the rights of an accepted lover, and Sydonie was obliged to rouse herself from her dreams to reply to her creditor, to put off the day of payment.

These pangs a time when indecision was no longer possible. She had promised to marry Frantz when he should have obtained a position; he had been offered one as engineer in the Midi, in the great furnaces of the Grand 'Combe, sufficient to maintain a modest house. No means to remain in the most find some pretext to put him off—but what?

In her pressing danger she thought of Desiree. Although the same girl had never taken her into her confidence, she knew of her great love for Frantz. She had divined it. Perhaps the idea that another woman loved her betrothed had at first rendered Frantz's attentions more supportable, and, as they put statues on tombs to make them look less melancholy, so the pale face of the pretty Desiree on the threshold of Sydonie's black future made it appear less funereal. That love furnished an easy and honorable pretext for her to release herself from her promises.

"No, mother," she said one day to Madame Chebe, "never will I consent to become the cause of unhappiness to a friend like her. I should be filled with remorse. Poor Desiree! Have you not noticed how badly she has looked since my return, gazing at me with a supplicating air? No, I will not give her that pain. I will not take Frantz from her!"

While she admired her daughter's noble heart, Madame Chebe thought the sacrifice too great, and made objections.

"Take care, my child. We are not rich; a husband like Frantz does not turn up every day."

"So much the worse. I shall never marry," she declared flatly, and, having found a good excuse, she held to it pertinaciously. Nothing could change her determination—neither the tears of rage of Frantz, who was naturally exasperated at a refusal surrounded with vague reasons which she would not even explain to him, nor the supplications of Risler, to whom Madame Chebe had whispered that, though the reasons were mysterious, she could not help admiring the grand sacrifice her daughter was making.

"Don't blame her—she is an angel," Risler would say to his brother, in trying to calm him.

"Yes, she is an angel," would repeat Madame Chebe, so that the poor, betrayed young man had not even the right to complain.

In despair he resolved to leave France. He applied for and obtained the place of surveyor at Ismailia, in the works of the Isthmus of Suez. He left without knowing, or appearing not to know, of Desiree's love; and yet, when he said "Good-bye" to her, the poor creature lifted her pretty, timid eyes to his, and in them he might have read: "I love you, if she does not love you." But Frantz Risler did not know how to read the writing of her eyes. Fortunately, people who are accustomed to suffer have infinite patience. Her friend gone, the little lame girl took up her work again with new courage, saying to herself: "I will wait." From that time forth she spread out the wings of her birds, as if she would send them, one after the other, to Ismailia, in Egypt, and that was far.

From Marseilles, before embarking, young Risler wrote Sydonie a last letter, which was both comic and touching, for he mingled technical details with most heartrending farewells; he would set out, he said, with a broken heart on the Sahib, of fifteen hundred horse-power, as if such a considerable number would impress the ungrateful creature, and fill her with eternal remorse; but Sydonie had other things in her mind. She began to feel very uneasy about George's silence. Since her departure from Savigny she had heard from him once only. She received no reply to her own letters; it is true, she had written but a few, for between them never was any affection or indifference between them. Then came the ball. The husband, intimidated by so many people, put his arm within that of his old friend Planus, and drew him aside.

"Sigismund, old friend," he said, "but I am happy!"

Sigismund Planus had been cashier at Froment's for thirty years.

He would have offered his congratulations if Risler had only given him time.

"Guess what it is!" Risler continued. "It is so extraordinary that such a pretty young girl should have fancied me! You know I'm not handsome, and she is. There are so many others younger and more attractive, whom she might have chosen, without speaking of my poor brother Frantz, who loved her so. But no, she wanted—her choice is bestowed on me! And it came about so oddly. For a long time we had all noticed that she was very sad and changed, and I thought there was some secret love about it. Her mother and I ransacked our brains to find out what it was. At last one day Madame Chebe came to me in tears. 'Why, it's you,' she said, 'on whom she loves!' Me!—and it was me!—me, who never even suspected such a thing! Only to think that two such great strokes of good-luck should happen to me in one year—a partner in the great house of Froment, and married Sydonie! Oh!"

At the very moment Risler was almost stifling with joy a couple waltzed rapidly past. It was Sydonie the bride and young Froment, his partner—both young, both elegantly dressed. They spoke in a low voice:

"She is false!" said Sydonie, turning pale, but with the set smile still on her lips. The young man, even paler than the girl, replied:

"It is true. My uncle had set his heart on the marriage, and he was dying. You were away. I did not dare say no."

They whirled around in mad circles, Risler admired them.

"Planus! how beautiful she is! how well they dance together!"

As soon as they saw him, the waltzers separated, and Sydonie went to him.

"Look, look!" she said playfully, tying his cravat, which had come undone. "Everybody's looking for you. Come, let us go into the large room."

As they passed, all the guests saluted them, and Sydonie felt a momentary pride. It passed as soon as her eyes fell on Claire, who was not dancing, only looking on with a calm and dignified air. Risler sat Sydonie down beside her, saying:

"You are so good. She has need of your counsel, of your knowledge of the world!"

"Sydonie and I are old friends," replied Claire, "and now we have another reason to love each other."

With his ignorance of women, and his habit of treating Sydonie as a child, he went on:

"Model yourself after her, little girl. There are not two others like her in the world! She has her father's heart, and a virtue one rarely finds!"

Sydonie bowed in silence, and a shiver ran through her whole frame; but that good Risler perceived nothing.

Emotion, the ball, the music, flowers, lights—he was within the incomparable atmosphere of happiness surrounding him. He believed that all were breathing it like himself—he felt no rivalry, he saw no little hate and envy.

He did not notice Delobelle leaning with one elbow on the mantelpiece, tired of his sternal attitude, with one hand in his vest, the other holding his hat on his hip, while a whole hour rolled by without anybody's asking him to recite. Nor was Risler aware that Chebe sat between two doors, fuming, fretting, and more furious than ever against "those Froments, who were everything at the wedding—he nothing! They were there with their wives, their children, their friends, and their friends' friends. It looked as if it was a marriage of some of them. Who spoke of the Rislers or the Chebes? They had not even introduced him, the father of the bride." It made him doubly furious to see Madame Chebe smiling maternally on all alike.

The illustrious Delobelle, finding that nobody asked anything of him, began in a voice that sounded like a gong, as the guests were rushing towards the cold collation, the monologue of Ruy Blas: "Good appetite, gentlemen!"

There were two undercurrents at this wedding which ran side by side without mingling—the aristocracy, represented by the Froments, and the democracy. The aristocracy, headed by George Froment and his wife, left soon after midnight. The bride disappeared shortly after, with Risler and Madame Chebe. The latest aristocracy gone, Mons. Chebe recovered his importance and his equanimity, and it was impossible to get him away.

"Somebody must remain to do the honors," he said.

Through the deserted streets the wedding-coach rolled heavily towards the Marais. Madame Chebe talked a good deal of the splendors of this memorable day. Sydonie dreamed in a corner of the carriage, and Risler, opposite her, no longer said: "I am happy!" but thought it. Once he tried to take her hand, but she withdrew it hastily, and he remained lost in mute adoration. They left Madame Chebe at her door. Froment and his wife occupied the first floor of a dwelling near the manufactory. The Rislers were to live on the second floor.

For a while Risler wandered through the luxuriously furnished apartment, while Sydonie sat in her room alone. She was looking out of the window at the house where her childhood had been passed. It was with a smile of triumph, mingled with disdain, that she recognized the window on the fifth floor, where her parents lived. All her childhood and sad girlhood passed before her eyes as she gazed. As the visible finger pointed towards the factory, looming up against the sky. An inward voice whispered that the ambition of her life was achieved.

CHAPTER VII.
MADAME RISLER'S RECEPTION-DAY.

Risler and Froment were in serious conversation, while Sydonie, splendidly dressed, sat waiting for callers on her reception-day. Risler was on the point of a great discovery, he told Froment—a marvelous invention—and, talking confidentially, they stopped in the courtyard. Madame Froment, the baby and nurse were there. At the very moment Risler took the little creature in his arms, Sydonie looked out of her window, wondering why her husband did not come upstairs.

"What a fool!" she muttered between set teeth.

Risler hastened to his wife. To know she was in a bad humor as soon as he saw her posing as a martyr.

"At last you've come!"

"Well, little one, the infant is so engaging that——"

"Hence you have requested you not to use that silly expression—little one?"

"But when we are alone——"

"You will never learn to accustom yourself to your new position in life. Nobody respects me here! Old Achille hardly bows when I pass the porter's lodge. It is true that I am not a Froment, and that I have no carriage."

"Well, little—I mean—that is—you know, you are at liberty to use Madame George's whenever you wish—she placed it at your orders."

"How many times must I repeat that I will put myself under no obligations to that woman?"

"O Sydonie!" exclaimed her husband reproachfully. The young wife replied with a snap:

"Oh, yes, I quite understand; Madame Fremont is an angel—it is forbidden even to touch her. And I—I must submit to be nothing in my house, to pen myself to be trampled under foot——"

Poor Risler tried to say a word in favor of his dear "Madame George," but Sydonie burst out:

"I tell you that, with all her meek air, that woman is proud and wicked. Besides, she detests me; I know it. When I was only poor little Sydonie, to whom she could throw her broken toys and cast-off clothes, it was all well enough; but now that I am mistress here as well as herself, she is angry and humiliated. She gives me advice and sits in judgment on me. Why, she told me I ought not to have engaged a waiting-maid. Of course—have I not been accustomed to wait upon myself? She takes every opportunity to annoy me. When I call on her Wednesdays, you should hear the tone in which she inquires after that good Madame Chebe. Oh, yes; I know how she detests me. One is as good as the other, I think. My grandfather was a druggist; well, and what was hers? A peasant, who made his money by usury. Oh! I'll tell her one of these days, if she gets too proud. And her little daughter, who, although they don't see it, resembles old Father Gardinois, and Heaven knows he's not handsome."

"Oh! oh!" ejaculated Risler, who couldn't find a word to say.

"I advise you to admire her—the child! She is always sick, and whines like a cat the night long. She keeps me awake. And in the day I have her piano and roulades! tra la! la! la! If, now, it was pleasant music——"

Risler tried to change the subject.

"Are you going to pay visits to-day?" he asked.

"On the contrary, I am going to receive them," she answered, with a common remark among the socialists, who knew his appetite for drink, that if he should ever be seized with mania-a-potu the first thing he would see in the terrible delirium would be wolves.

"And I'll die if I do!" he answered nervously, and none doubted the prediction.

Risler was the fear-full dentists of his life. The usually dreaded serpents and other monstrosities were pleasant objects compared to them, so strangely is the web and woof of our human nature spun and colored and woven.

As the months passed on, success attended the enterprise, and the salary of Waters being raised in proportion to the profits, he gave more and more away to his failings. This was exceptionally the case in his native town, after having a benefit. The inhabitants were very proud of him, and took a deep interest in his performances from the front of the barrels of "sorghum," fifteen bushels of carrots and other vegetables *ad infinitum*, was no small commercial transaction; but the manager was equal to the emergency, and succeeded in trading off the produce at the stores, giving the boys orders on the same for whatever articles they chose to name. The minstrel party was fitted out in the way of undershirts, socks, and paper collars, that company was the "Great Metropolitan." Paper collars were always good, ever afterwards, for other merchandise. John Wilson, clog-dancer, was the happy possessor of two boxes and eight boxes of collars, all a size, and could suit all nations. Being constantly quizzed about what disposition he intended to make of the vast stock on hand, his answer would invariably be:

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Two days of interesting travel, and we arrived at the well-known Poison Springs, celebrated from the fact of two being deadly poison, and of the third, situated but a few feet from the others, containing pure, wholesome water. The Indian scare had nearly subsided, as we had already passed the point where the savages had been previously attacked, and felt perfectly secure, with our coach-and-four, as we jogged leisurely along. Many were the boastful stories told, numberless the deeds of valor related, and the many stratagems suggested in case of attack would fill a volume. The journey had nearly carried us through the most dangerous part of the country—one more day's travel, and we should reach a good-sized town. Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon we were startled by our horses stopping suddenly and springing out of the road. They could not be induced to proceed, for they had discerned the enemy first; and not ten rods to the left we could see no fewer than twenty-five or thirty well-mounted warriors filing out of a narrow pass in the mountains, and in such a way as would inevitably bring them into our road. Every fire-arm was brought into requisition, as we were evidently in for it now. Our first impulse was to move quietly out of the road, secrete our team, and "let the enemy pass;" but this was too late, as we had already been discovered. They were coming down the road in force. After considerable coaxing, we got one team under way, and we concluded, if there was to be a fight, that the Indians should be the aggressors. The "Great Metropolitans" were now up to fever-heat, and ready for the fray. Fully one-half of the painted devils had passed the coach, they taking in the situation at a glance. The first arrow from the unseen foe was to be the signal for our attack. The arrow came, and the red nondescripts set up the most unearthly whoops and yells. The first volley brought down two bipeds and wounded three of their ponies. An incessant fire was kept up by us from the rear of the coach; but the trunks and properties, which furnished a barricade from the arrows, were of some disadvantage to us, as we did not have sufficient room to aim and fire, and, consequently, many a shot went wide of its intended victim. Instead of diminishing, the Indians seemed to increase in numbers, and the fact became apparent to us that defensive, as our already exhausted horses had been kept upon a run for two miles, and they would certainly give out if no relief came. To resort to some stratagem was the next expedient. One bearded-faced "Metropol" suggested the policy of throwing out a three-gallon cask of sorghum. No sooner said than done, and the result was most satisfactory, as the Indians came in a body to examine the spoils, giving us some minutes to gain distance. But, the sorghum not being sufficiently "treacle-y" to suit the palates of the noble "braves," on they came, in hopes of securing more plunder. We gave them the best our "traveling armory" afforded. How many were killed could not be told, as their number did not seem to diminish. Evidently, they were bent on capturing the entire outfit. Two or three dozen boxes of collars were now tossed overboard, and the effect was magical, as their ponies could not be persuaded to go over or around the red and blue boxes distributed promiscuously in the road. No doubt their riders fancied they were some "infernal machines," ready to explode at any moment.

This ended the chase, and at five o'clock we found a convenient camping-place, with paper-collar boxes for pickets. To attend to the urgent needs of the wounded was our first business. Cannibis—one man shot in the left arm, one in the shoulder, and a third having a sorghum-coated bullet through his nose. The wounds were carefully dressed as best we could, and next morning, before "Old Sol" had raised his head above the mountain-tops, we were well on our way to civilization, where the merry clink of silver half-dollars served as a medium of circulation, making music for the merry minstrels. And one and all made a solemn vow to never again sing for "sorghum."

Chicago, Jan. 20, 1876.

As copies of mother wit is worth a pound of book learning.

THE FAIRY OF THE FERRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

He sold ribbon and thread and tape
To ladies who wished to purchase;
She was a beautiful ballet girl
Who danced in the "City of Churches;"
They met at the ferry at seven P. M.
As through the gate they went,
He murmured: "The night is pleasant,"
And she quietly *gave a cent.*

Yet never a word she uttered,
Though he crowded and nudged and coughed,
And wasted a couple of dozen
Of smiles excessively soft;
The rough "stage-door" of the play-house
Enveloped her form divine,
Then he rushed for a dollar ticket,
Though his wages were only nine.

He looked in vain for his "fairy"
Till the fun of the farce was through;
But his heart leaped up like a rocket
When the "ballet" appeared in view;
For, in glittering dress advancing,
She tripped like a vision grand,
With marvelous legs that twinkled
To the notes of the German band.

In vain he endeavored to meet her—
He'd stand by the bleak stage-door,
And shiver for two long hours
(She'd slipped out an hour before).
He wrote her a note, declaring
That she was a "pearl," a "gem,"
And asked her again to meet him
At the ferry at seven P. M.

He borrowed a dazzling necktie,
Then brushed up his best of suits,
And cribbed his feet forever
With a pair of the smallest boots,
He was there at the time appointed—
She too. As he sought to speak,
A hand came down on his shoulder
In a manner that made him weak.

"If ver speak to my wife, young feller,
I'll knock yer round like a cork;
D'ye think she'd talk to a snoozer
Who looks like a two-pronged fork?
The reason she comes at seven
(Yer this ferry where we've met)
Is 'cause it's a penny cheaper,
An' money is skurse, you bet!"

E. E. KIDDER.

* It is *one cent* fare on Fulton Ferry from 5 to 7 P. M.

SINGING FOR SORGHUM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HOWARD CHADWICK.

In the Fall of 1866 an organization styled "The Great Metropolitan Minstrels" were traveling in the far West, where telegraphic communication and illustrated printing were things unknown. Such was the rude state of affairs in Southern Utah at the time the "Great Metropolitans" plastered their bills for the admiring gaze of the Mormon elders, priests and gentiles. After leaving Salt Lake City and the Great Salt Lake basin, with its thousands of orchards and vineyards, suggestive of the Eastern country, we were advised by the Mormon elders—every town has its elder, and with him the "Metropolitans" invariably put up, there being no hotel in this part of Mormondom at that time—that, in order to secure a safe passage through the territory, it would be both advisable and expedient to engage the services of a friendly Indian as guide, as then we should not be so liable to an attack from the marauding bands of scalp-raisers who at that time infested the country, and were considered very hostile. The "Great Metropolitans," being a solid stock "aggregation," did not fancy the idea of being robbed of their green-b(l)acks, and scalped in the bargain. Accordingly, the services of a "guide, of war," and decided to take the advice of the experienced elder. After considerable red-tape and Indian diplomacy, they secured a small "Injin boy" as pilot. Things went smoothly enough with the "Great Metropolitans" until one fine morning, when the company had several full dennets of his life. The usually dreaded serpents and other monstrosities were pleasant objects compared to them, so strangely is the web and woof of our human nature spun and colored and woven.

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department: no answers by mail.

JOHN A. REILLY AND OWENS, Shenandoah.—We can give no other decision than that published last week—that if the starter declares the start to have been fair, Dugan is entitled to the money; if it was not a fair start, the man who went over the mark before pistol-fire should be put back a yard, and the men again started. We have before us a paper purporting to be the affidavit of Patrick Campbell, the pistol-firer, who says therein that Dugan did not leave the mark before the pistol went off. Under the circumstances it would do no good to publish your affidavit and that of Mr. Quin.

H. S.—The area of the island of Cuba is variously estimated all the way from 44,163 to 47,676 square miles. From this, to exactly meet your question, must be deducted the area of the Isle of Pines and other small islands, or 1,780 square miles, altogether. The State of New York, usually assigned an area of 47,186 square miles, has an area of 50,519, inclusive of Staten Island.

PHILOMATHEAN.—There can be no definite answer to the question as put. It depends upon how many trumps had been played by C or D before A's partner roughed. If they had played none, then A was wrong in taking his partner's trick—he could be right only upon the supposition that C held the left-bower unguarded, when it was A's duty to get the lead and draw that bower with his right.

CHARLES, Richmond, O.—"At cribbage, A played an 8, B a 7, and scored two points for 15: A a 9, and takes 3 for a sequence; B plays another 7. Now, does he (B) count 5 or only 2 for the 31? I claim he gets a run back on 7, 7, 8, 9 or only 2 for the 31? The cards running back don't follow 7, 8, 9, but 7, 9, 7, which is no sequence.

MUCHUM IN PARVO, Philadelphia.—Several persons are reported to have accomplished that feat, but none of these reports will, in our opinion, bear investigation. 2. It will cost you 15cts. per line. 3. It would depend upon your ability. 4. The addresses of such parties are advertised in THE CLIPPER almost weekly.

INQUIRER, Harvard.—1. We never heard it stated. 2. The salary of the Governor of New York, $10,000, is as large as is paid to any State. Louisiana pays $8 800; California, $7 00; Nevada, $6,000; Pennsylvania, 10,000; Massachusetts, Kentucky, Missouri, North Carolina, Texas, Virginia and Wisconsin, $5,000 each.

F. G. SAUER.—1. Eph Morris is the present champion sculler of America. 2. Some look upon the party you mention as superior to the other two. 3. It is probable that all those of special prominence will participate in that regatta. 4. Will have to await further developments before answering.

S. S., Brooklyn.—1. She is married. 2. She has been before the public for some years as an actress, and has performed in the principal theatres in this city and Philadelphia. She married the gentleman whose name she now bears Sept. 19, 1867, and then went on a starring tour through the West.

BARTENDER.—We are not aware that a belt was competed for at any sparring exhibition in this city prior to the date upon which Ed. James gave an exhibition at Central Hall, this city, in February, 1870. That belt was won by Billy Donnelly, who sparred with Barney Aaron.

HARRY, Hall.—There was such a horse, but his name was timed officially. There is no official time on the English turf; for horses are there run, not so much to make fast time, as to beat each other by staying qualities. 2. See CLIPPER ALMANAC for Jacko.

MRS. B. M., Chicago.—You are right. As he came on the stage to rehearse, he was informed of the occurrence. He was so infuriated at what he did not read the morning papers before going to the theatre. He was driven out of town in a close carriage, and immediately returned East.

CUPID, New Orleans.—1. You can get them through the Wilmer & Rogers News Co., 31 Beekman street, New York. The subscription to *The Field* is $14 a year. Do not know what the subscription price of the other paper is. 2. Have no time to answer by mail.

A. S. THOMPSON, San Francisco.—The *error* was due to a misapprehension of the conditions under which the champion dose and the 3 standing broad jump of 7ft. 2½in. is entitled to go upon record as the best ever made by an amateur. Thanks for information received.

C. A. A., St. Louis.—You yourself must recognize that you are not betting on or against what virtually exposed by your partner. Only the party who fixes the trump can go alone, and that party is the player who makes, voluntarily taken up, another's orders to put trump.

CONSTANT READER, Richmond.—When John Wilkes Booth was a member of the stock company at the theatre in your city, performing under the name of John Wilkes, he acted Richard III. to the Richard of his brother Edwin. We believe this was earlier than 1861.

MILFORD, Mass.—1. He might have done that in fact and still not quite equal, just as a horse could trot publicly in 2:15 and still not have a better record than 2:25. 2. There is no precedence.

P. J. STEBBINS, Upper Alton.—"Ed. James' Manual of Sparring Exhibitions" contains the rules of the English Football Association, Rutgers College and Yale University. See advertisement.

W. F., Washington.—You have probably confounded the affair with models for scenery. What was advertised were simply playing cards with pictures which are only seen when the cards are opened through a prism.

MUSICUS.—"Little Robin, Tell Kit y I'm Coming," is published by S. Brainard, price 40c., and is obtainable, as well as first-class end songs, at any of the music dealers' advertising in this issue.

BOSTON PILOT, Marblehead.—When John Wilkes Booth was in the stock company of the Richmond, Va., Theatre, we believe he played Richmond to the Richard III. of his brother Edwin's father Edwin.

INGOMAR, St. Louis.—Coleman's play of "The Mountaineers" was first produced in this city March 30, 1797, at the Park Theatre, and has frequently been performed since in all parts of the country. You can buy a copy of any dealer in plays.

ALBUQUERQUE, Chicago.—1. With this paper, ace is high card, in cutting for deal at seven-up, and always has been. 2. We cannot undertake to reconcile the differences pointed out.

SUBSCRIBER, Oswego.—1. From $25 per week upward, according to the labor required. 2. It would be well to do so. Many bands are now forming for the coming circus season.

EDWARDS, St. Louis.—1. A solution of bismuth in rose water is used. When it dries upon the skin, it presents a very white appearance. 2. He would not be apt to have retained his MS. in that time you mention.

SUBSCRIBER, Boston.—1. Yes. 2. See "Chronological History of United States" in CLIPPER ALMANAC. 3. Look over your files of THE CLIPPER for answers to your other questions.

J. F. M., Quebec.—1. There can be but one lone hand at a time at regular euchre. 2. A player who is ordered up cannot play alone. 3. A call can be claimed at any time before the eldest hand has led.

STAMFORD, Halifax.—1. The Palace, San Francisco, we think. 2. That is not a straight. 3. The dealer can either turn the joker down, or make any suit trump that pleases him.

A. R.—Census of 1870: Philadelphia, 112,386 dwellings; Brooklyn, 45,594; Williamsburg is included in Brooklyn, and of Hoboken there is no record.

F. S.—1. The flags are lowered at sundown, and not because of a burial. 2. An American. 3. He must be thirty-five years of age to run for President.

F. R., Brooklyn.—It is our experience that the people who have substituted emblems of that character always have the answers at hand.

AUTOLYCUS, New Orleans.—We do not in this department express our opinion of the relative merits of professional performers.

FORGET-ME-NOT, Memphis.—1. Jennie is married. 2. About 23, 18 and 13 respectively. 3. She is their mother. 4. There is no champion of the world.

MCCALLISTER BROS., Pittsburg.—1. For recognized performers of ability about $60 per week. 2. No expenses are paid. 3. See our advertising columns.

MONTAGUE.—Not answered. 2. Not being cognizant of all the facts in the case, we prefer not to express an opinion.

A. A. G., Schuylerville.—We have no record of such event. Bogus troupes have been frequently exhibited there.

SUBSCRIBER, Kalamazoo.—Ten lines for four weeks will cost $6; for three months, thirteen insertions, cash in advance, $15.00.

J. M., Charleston.—1. *The Army and Navy Gazette*, London. 2. *The Field*. 3. *Bell's Weekly*, 12 Salisbury square, Fleet street, London.

CADET 44, P. M. A.—1. Send to Ed. James, whose advertisement will be found in this paper, for a catalogue. 2. The terms are synonymous.

BOWERY.—1. The player is entitled to the count, and also to continue his run. 2. If the four-handed game be played at the usual card forfeit three is ordinarily.

J. C.—1. It was coined for the China trade. 2. Instead of being above the average value, it is just now at from three to five per cent discount.

F. N. S.—1. About 17 years. 2. Unmarried. It would be rather difficult for us to state definitely her future intentions in that respect.

O. C. H., Northumberland.—We do not do an agency business. Write to one of the dramatic agents advertising in the CLIPPER.

SUBSCRIBER, Utica.—Not married, we believe. 2. Either at the theatre you name, or in care of this office. 3. Born July 1, 1849.

GOVERNOR, Brooklyn.—The lack counts, the presumption being that, as the residual was not claimed before, it occurred on the second round.

HAND, Grand Rapids.—1. He is announced on the bills simply as manager. 2. He did not—it was his brother Sammy.

H. T., Charley Freeman the American Giant, who was taken to England by Ben Caunt, and there fought the Tipton Slasher, stood 6ft. 10½in. in height.

KANAUSA, Charleston.—John Jack was a member of the company the last two seasons, but the other person you name was never engaged there.

O. T.—She has never played the character, and it is never acted by professionals of note, but generally by children under the training of mothers.

VOLANS, Chicago.—The same answers will apply, as boys should not attempt such feats, unless they have been trained as apprentice by skilled gymnasts.

F. R., Jayuesville.—There was no census of New York taken in 1873, so we cannot give you the population at that time.

G. W. J.—1. He is performing with some company in the West. 2. We do not in this department compare the relative merits of professional persons.

MRS. H., Oshkosh.—Address a letter to him in care of this office, stating on the envelope the name of the circus he was last with.

R. F. B., Fort Cameron.—1. Twenty-six cannot be held in hand or "crib." 2. The practice varies. The whole game is arbitrary, and is played in different ways, even in the one city.

J. C., Galesburg.—Billy Edwards' height is 5ft. 4½in. You win.

JOHN A. REILLY, Shenandoah.—No; Mills did not. Lang won by a ball's run.

R. MAY.—1. He performed the re during the late Thomas S. Hamblin's management. 2. Not within ten years.

O. W. C.—We have no record of the size of the stage in that theatre.

F. D.—They were performing there during the week ending Feb. 7.

R. E., Jersey City.—Bryants' Minstrels gave their last performances in the Tammany Building June 4, 1870.

A. H. W., Johnstown.—1. Address H. W. Collender, 738 Broadway. 2. No answers by mail.

J. Wilson.—1. Kingcraft won the Derby in 1870. 2. June 11, 1870.

W. H. P., Philadelphia.—Address a letter in care of this office.

T. B. M., Detroit.—No answers by mail. There is no such book published.

J. H., Detroit.—Address H. T. Paddock and Max Strakosch, in care of this office.

P. C., Philadelphia.—A letter addressed to him in care of this office should reach him.

HOP, E. S., Louisville.—1. Mrs. Rachel Macauley. 2. In Brooklyn, L. I.

CHICAGO.—The player holding the "age" having passed last, there ceased to be an "age."

J. A., Creston.—It cannot take the exposed card. It must go to the bottom of the pack.

SUBSCRIBER.—Watch our Circus Summary, and in due time you will find the information there.

GRANJAT, Allegan.—There are none before the public at present, nor do we remember ever having seen any.

RAYMOND.—He did not during any of his regular engagements.

JOE S. R., Hot Springs.—C, the non-dealer, was entitled to the game, which put him out.

W. W. D., Philadelphia.—You can have two piles on the table at one time.

INDIANAPOLIS, Memphis.—C could not take down the chips he had won.

E. F., Fort Ripley.—Only the player who first said he would go alone could go alone.

R. VAN SICKEN, Brooklyn.—They fought together once only.

MELVILLE, Boston.—The highest double sets at the beginning of the game.

SPORTY SUITS, Peabody.—Fraser & Co., 62 Chatham st., New York.

O., Easton.—See answer to "Inquirer, Boston," in THE CLIPPER dated Jan. 29, 1876.

G. H.—Tend each first-born of Ed. James, as per advertisement.

C. H. P., Hyde Park.—A wins with his low, if seven is game.

E.—Before the draw any person can pass and come in again, provided he has passed no bet.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER, Gold Hill.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

F. AND B., Company I, Fort Macon.—At cassino, no one point has precedence over another in counting out.

C. M., Chicago.—It could not call "forty trumps" until he had taken in another trick. A was out.

JOHN, Oil City.—Acceptance of the resignations is not obligatory.

J. H. F., Lindsay.—We cannot call to mind that he ever treated in Canada.

BUCKWHEAT, Washington.—In euchre you are not required to trump or overtrump your fellow-sub.

B. F., Dufferin.—Unless the game was railroad euchre, D was entitled to but two points.

CARD-PLAYER, Allentown.—C, with a deuce in his hand, could build upon "three" to "five."

SUBSCRIBER.—The City Assembly Rooms were burned the first time in 1854.

BROADSTREET, St. Louis.—The gentleman is unknown to us.

A. W. H.—Your best plan would be to advertise for one. We do not keep their address.

SUBSCRIBER.—1. We have no file, nor can we say who did his printing. 2. Inquire of any actor.

C. L. S., Binghamton.—See Mr. Dobson's advertisement in this issue.

C. F. H., California.—Three fives were good, not being beaten. D wins.

G. D. W., San Francisco.—It depends altogether upon what code has been adopted to govern the body.

L. W. AND T. G.—He can say that he takes it up, and he can do it, too.

A PUZZLED, Wilkesbarre.—Patsy Reardon fought eight times in England, and was never beaten.

VIVA, College, New Orleans.—Send to Ed. James, 88 Chatham street, New York City, for a catalogue.

J. R., Ottawa.—A can shuffle again.

CONSTANT READER, Norfolk.—Some railroads use the air-brake, and have used it for four or five years.

P. P., Louisville.—The pin is not down, and is to remain in contact with the ball.

J. J. B., Bay City.—The ball is not to be spotted. There was no miss.

GEORGE, Cincinnati.—Inquire at any music store for a flute harmonica.

A. B. S., Bedford Station.—The show has been for months in Winter quarters in Philadelphia.

H. H. G., Brooklyn.—The Stadt Theatre, this city, has the largest seating capacity of all theatres in this country.

CHICAGO READER.—See Dramatic Summary of this week.

PLAYER MACON.—The "widow" should be turned over.

LEOF.—It was performed 119 times at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn.—Running, no record; standing, imm. 56ec.

JOSE HORTEZ.—Description unanswerable. 2. No.

ST. LOUIS.—E can take as many eights as he can find.

FAST TIME, Paris.—The saving is mainly on stoppages.

O. T. E., Flatbush.—Know nothing of the Institution.

BROOKLYNITE.—Phoenix Park is about twice as large.

F. V., Ypsilanti.—Ranging from $75 to $150 per week.

W. H., Kansas City.—He is in Enterprise, Florida.

S. R. E., Brooklyn.—Owned by the same company.

W. J. H.—1. Born in 1833. 2. Died Dec. 12, 1872.

CONSTANT READER.—"Upholsterer" is correct.

FARMER, Pittsburg.—D could not play a trump.

A READER, Sterling.—The three aces won.

EGGS SCOTT, Chicago.—He is a blonde.

J. E. L.—It was the person you name.

G. W. HOTZE, Baltimore.—No. 1 wins.

E. J. S.—It is as sound as any other.

A HOOSIER, New Castle.—A wins.

GOLD COIN.—Director of the Mint.

J. S., Minnetonka.—Methodists.

D. W. H., Lockport.—B wins.

DICE-BOX.—Three sixes.

F. D.—State the wagers.

THE TWO SIDES.

Without going beyond their own evidence, the status of Messrs. Bowen and Beecher is queer, to say the least of it. Brother Bowen, in the quiet and security of his own fireside, boldly charged his fellow-laborer in the gospel vineyard with being an adulterer and a hypocrite; while dear Brother Beecher, in the sanctity of his church, openly charged the other busy B. with being a slanderer and a liar! Now, if these good and pious men are really what they are said to be, how can we expect the poor outcast to be filled with the love of the beautiful and true, and all that is good? We have not heard from Brother Moulton of late—surely he should come forward and call somebody a thief or a foul assassin, or something of a similar religious tendency! His silence will, if continued, be construed as an evidence of guilt, and it will go hard with him should the public once lose faith in the humility, piety, and morality of our dear brother. Neither does it redound to the credit of the night-walking Brother Tilton that his voice is no longer heard in this all-important religious controversy. Before he started out to give his views on that other problem of life—*vide* small bills—his voice was *loud* for war, and he gave utterance to words that singed as a brand from the burning! Emulating the good and holy example of the daily press, we would bury from sight this great scandal and its dramatic persons, instead of seeking to revive it by stirring up discord and hatred and malice in the hearts of our pious friends; nevertheless, we owe a duty to the public, to the cause of morality, and to the downtrodden of every clime, and it is only in the performance of this sacred duty that we allude to this unpleasant subject. When the Tidewater Slasher epitomizes the Champion Piebiter as a hypocrite and vampire, we accept the words of the Slasher as truth; so when the destroyer of pies intimates in hard language that the man from Tidewater is a liar and a slave, we give equal credence to his crude but telling facts. If, then, the charges made by such uneducated and unenlightened men have a tendency to influence us against the morality and honor of the Slasher and the Pieman, why, we ask, should we fail to give equal credence to the open charges, one against another, of such good and pious men as Brothers Bowen and Beecher and Moulton and Tilton? We would fain cover up the scandal, but while the public demands a further bill of particulars, far be it from us to ignore the claims of the people. We find no pleasure in stirring up animosities and sectional prejudices; Brother Beecher is as dear to us as is Brother Bowen; and in like manner our heart goes out in sympathy to the Tidewater Slasher as it does in brotherly love to the renowned Piebiter! It is the law that is at fault! There is a certain prejudice permitted to exist against the class to which the two latter gentlemen belong which is not exerted against the two former, and herein is where the statutes are lax. Had the Slasher and the Pieman been tried by Plymouth Church or the Brooklyn Courts, and had the same evidence been given against them as has been offered against Brothers Bowen and Beecher, does any sane person believe that the masticator of pies and the dissector of the human anatomy would be outside of Kings County prison walls to-day? Which goes to show "that there is one law for the poor and another for the rich." And yet we would bury "it" out of sight. As it is now, "it" exerts a pernicious influence upon society at large, and tends to undermine the very foundations of our glorious re public. When the Tidewater Slasher threatened to open his vials of wrath against a fellow-being who, by a course of concurrent circumstances, had achieved honor and fame as the Champion Piebiter of the World, we endeavored to dissuade him from the rash act, but all in vain. And so, when the latter flung back the charge in the teeth of his virtuous antagonist, and called him a viper, we sought to entice him from the pursuit of his enemy, but fruit less were our efforts. And thus the case stands—we *hope* for the best, but fear the worst!

THE QUEENSTOWN OCEAN PASSAGE.

A telegram from Queenstown, Ireland, dated Feb. 13, reads as follows:

The White Star steamer Germanic, Captain Kennedy, from New York, Feb. 5, for Liverpool, arrived here to-day. Her captain reports that he passed Sandy Hook, Feb. 5, at 1 P. M., and arrived at the bar at Liverpool, at 10 this morning, making the voyage in seven days, nineteen hours, two minutes, average time. The deduction of four hours, twenty-two minutes for the difference of time, leaves seven days, fourteen hours and forty minutes as the actual time of the voyage, which is claimed to be the quickest passage across the Atlantic that has ever been made.

The fastest eastward passage thitherto was 7 days, 15 hours, 48 minutes, made by the City of Berlin, of the Inman line, last year. Those who swear by THE CLIPPER ALMANAC will take notice and govern themselves accordingly. In a future issue we will be able, upon official information, to substantiate or disprove the contents of the telegram.

WESTERN RINGS.—Does the trial of the whiskey conspirators include a trial of the whiskey as well? If yes, and the latter should prove to be of good character and of general excellence, that fact should be allowed to operate in favor of the ring, by showing that all human feeling was not dead within them. The "Syiph"-like tenor of the dispatches would seem to indicate that the "stuff" was good, and not of that destructive nature which has brought New Jersey brands into such disrepute. And as one question naturally leads to another, we should like to know whether the new baseball league is to be under the same crooked auspices as was the whiskey league? Both leagues originated "out West," and both were the results of secret diplomacy. In each case a few Eastern parties were let in on the second story, while the Western wing went in on the ground floor. "Babcock's Little Game" is now being tried, and the baseball league's little game is yet *to be* tried. That both rings have stirred up a general feeling of distrust and dissatisfaction is quite evident, and that the baseball league will end as disastrously as ended the whiskey ring is among the probabilities.

BENEVOLENT PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS.—Among the noteworthy events of the times is the annual ball of the Order of Elks, a protective organization, having for its object the aid and comfort of the distressed, and the inculcation of the beautiful principles of charity and christian love. The festival for this year took place on Thursday night, Feb. 10, in Irving Hall, and a more enjoyable assemblage is rarely to be seen anywhere. The order is composed of professionals, embracing nearly all the performers connected with our theatres and halls, and their balls are always largely attended, not only by the members, but by all classes of the community, who find much to see and admire in the gatherings of the Elks. The display of dresses on Thursday night last was gorgeous, while the flash of diamonds and other gems was only surpassed by the brilliancy of the ladies who had met to do honor by their presence to the benevolent order and its principles. Delegates from other cities were present, and such a night of innocent recreation is seldom enjoyed outside of the entertainments provided by the Elks.

THE DAY after the big fire in Broadway, stock in a number of our fire-insurance companies went up, notwithstanding the losses sustained. From this it is to be inferred that a destructive conflagration is a "blessing in disguise" to the underwriters.

A MAN, who is addicted to the flowing bowl, and all that that implies, writes to us to say that he, for one, has no objection to receive a "punch in the presence of the conductatre."

ALTHOUGH the great Centennial Billiard Tournament is to be held in Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, we beg to assure our readers that there will be no haughty cultures there.

IF THE ASSASSIN of Simmons is to be tried by a jury of his peers, will it not be a difficult matter to find the required number of his peers?

WOULDN'T it be a good idea to open the Philadelphia Mint to Centennial visitors at so much per head? Surely *Barry's money is it!*

THE ALMANAC.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1876 is now ready; and by reading the table of contents, published in our advertising department, our readers will find that this edition contains a great deal of interesting matter in the way of stories and poems, besides the reliable and carefully-edited theatrical and sporting records, which are the special feature of this publication. As this is the Centennial year, we have also added a comprehensive chronological history of the United States. Our baseball friends will also find a history of their game and a record of the more important contests of last season. The astronomical data are furnished by a well-known specialist, and we feel assured that THE ALMANAC for 1876 contains just the information that our readers want in a book of its character. Copies are mailed from this office at the retail price, 15 cents; but dealers are requested to send their orders to their wholesale news-agents.

ERRATUM.—In "Mail Time and Estimated Distances to Prominent Cities," on page 26 of THE ALMANAC, a typographical error makes the time from New York to Washington, D. C., 19 hours. It should be 9 hours.

MIGHT WE SUGGEST to the directors of the Centennial Exhibition that a portion of the main building be set apart for a display of the various specimens of the industrious and persevering "interviewers?" The results of their work are placed before the public in the columns of the papers they represent, but heretofore no opportunity has been given the people to see for themselves what manner of man the interviewer really is. Chosen delegates could be sent from newspaper establishments throughout the country, and suitable accommodation provided for them while on exhibition. We do not think that a separate building would be necessary, for a strong police force could be engaged to preserve order; and, therefore, adjacent exhibitors would not be discommoded in the least. Let all of our industries be represented at the Centennial.

HOW THINGS change in this Centennial age! Last year it was the murderer who was adjudged insane; but now it is the jury, as is clearly proved by the alacrity and unanimity with which the assassin is convicted. On Saturday last, after deliberating on the case of Rubenstein for an hour and a half, the idiotic jury brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree! To prevent those gentlemen from again committing an offense against common custom, we suggest that they be confined in some insane asylum, until such time as a committee of experts shall determine whether their insanity continues, or was only momentary.

AN INDIANAPOLIS MAN declares that the ancient writers foretold his State, as one of them asks: "Where can the writers of the *chase* be found?" and answers "*In-Diana.*" "Our Jim" says that the old scribblers were right; and adds that, although unhappy husbands and wives are *chased* there, very few *chaste* people are *found* in Indiana.

The Crooked Path.

Those Western operators
Need not have met their fate
If they'd left off *crooked* whiskey
And taken "whiskey straight!"

How can we reconcile this? You take your Winter fuel *from* a *coal-seller*, and put it *in* a *coal-cellar!*

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ Feb. 7: It was cabled that the details of the purchase by England of the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal were made public by the British Government, and that the Rothschilds receive 2½ per cent.; that William Merry & Sons, commission merchants of London, Eng., have failed, their liabilities being placed at £90,000; that in the German Reichstag Prince Bismarck asserted that Germany was peaceful with all the powers, and had no desire for conquest; that there is reason to believe that Germany is not unwilling to impress upon Spain the justice of the American complaints in regard to Cuba, and the advisability of taking measures to make some redress; that the American ship Surprise, Capt. Johnson, from New York for Yokohama, Japan, was wrecked at Pirvendo, Cape Corrientes; that Dr. Lavrahoz, a prominent Prussian journalist, had been expelled from Austria, charged with disseminating intelligence unfavorable to Austria, and that apprehensions were felt of a serious estrangement between Germany and Austria; that ill-health prevented Count Von Arnim's return to Germany; that negotiations between Turkey and Montenegro for the cessation of territory to the latter were officially denied; and that the Norwegian brig Fritjof, Capt. Anderson, from Baltimore, Md., for Copenhagen, Denmark, was abandoned at sea by master being drowned.....A dispatch from Brownsville, Tenn., said that Samuel Boyd, U. S. Deputy Marshal, was shot dead by H. M. Clark, one of the editors of *The Democrat*, in a public square.....The Board of Trade inquiry into the foundering of the ship Earnest Cunard, which arrived at Liverpool, Eng., the board finding that she was sunk by the steamer Adriatic, the captain of which vessel should have reported the collision.....The British bark Carrying Maid, from New York, and allowed him to inspect her bows while in a damaged condition. Saving this, the captain is acquitted of blame, and his certificate restored to him.

☞ Feb. 10: Bembridge Johnson, the eminent lawyer and statesman, was found dead in the grounds surrounding the mansion of Gov. Carroll, at Annapolis, Md., with whom he had been living since previous Friday.....Charged to take such action by the leading churches of the same denomination elsewhere, the Congregational Church of Andover, Mass., appointed a committee to prepare and send to the various churches throughout the land an invite in calling an ecclesiastical council to investigate the Beecher scandal.....News from abroad was to the effect that Spain had sent to its diplomatic representatives a confidential memorandum upon the condition of Cuba; that a bill introduced in the British House of Commons provides that every contract for the conveyance of persons or goods on shipboard shall contain an implied warranty of the vessel's seaworthiness; that the amended penal code, as it passed the German Reichstag, includes the clause prohibiting the reading of objectionable communications within a church; that, by invitation of his subjects, the Khan of Khokand had returned to his domains; that Gronsdon against the Hon. Barrist had gone to Madrid, Spain, on account of his health, and not in connection with the Virginius affair; that, according to the *Monitor* of Paris, France, the policy of Minister Buffet is conclusive, dangerous, and calculated henceforth to lead the Government to support only Bonapartist candidates; that M. Voison had been appointed Prefect of Police in Paris, and the department placed under control of the Minister of the Interior; that British, French, German, Austrian, and Italian squadrons will shortly arrive at Ragusa, Turkey; that *The London* flesc regarded the loaning by the Anglo-Egyptian Bank of large sums of money to Egypt as portending the triumph of the French Syndicate, as that bank is practically a French institution; and that the Sultan's private secretary is ill go to Mostar to appoint the Mixed Commission, in accordance with the proposals contained in the Austrian note.....The investigating committees reported that Lieutenant-governor Davis of Minnesota was guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors, and a resolution that he be impeached was made the special order for the 14th inst.....James Kelly of this city was sentenced to ten years in State Prison for robbing a man of $15.....Thomas Piper, the alleged murderer of Miss Mabel Young at Boston, Mass., was found guilty of murder in the first degree.....In the suit of the Hon. Reuben Littlefield, Ill., against Charles A. Dana of *The N. Y. Sun*, to recover on two notes for $5,000 each, made by him in 1868 and discounted by the bank, the jury in the U. S. Supreme Court, Chicago, Ill., disagreed.....To negotiate with the insurgents on the basis of Count Andrassy's note was untrue; that, in the debate in the German Reichstag on the military penal code, Prince Bismarck urged the reinsertion of the clauses imposing penalties on members of secret societies, and to prevent the inciting of hostility between different classes and the attacking of religious institutions; denied the existence of any semi-official papers or correspondents in Germany; that the Prefect of Police of Paris, France, had resigned, and his successor, Admiral Valentin, had refused him to disavow the support of the Republican M. Valentin in his candidature for the Chamber of Deputies; that Paris will spend $4,000,000 in Centennial year in the erection of public buildings and gardens and other objects peculiar to the municipality; that a bill was before the Hungarian Diet providing for the erection of a national monument to the dead statesman, Louis Kossuth; that a report that the last story relative to the finding of a quantity of gunpowder in the coal of a steamer at Antwerp, Belgium; that the Anglo-Egyptian Bank had declined the application of the House $10,000,000 to Egypt on the security of her crops, and also to loan $70,000,000 to meet the floating debt and other charges; that Pierre Sebastian Laurentie, the French historian, had died at Bordeaux, aged 77.....That the last offensive against the Alfonsist positions at Oyarzun.....In the Ohio Legislature a bill was passed allowing Circuit and Supreme Court Judges $1,000 of bonds of Southern Railroad.....Losses by fire: D. S. Simons' barns at Greenfield, Mass.—loss $5,500, lightly insured; J. G. Webster's barn, with cattle, etc., Derby, Vt.—loss $5,000; Page's saw-mill, South Antrim, N. H.—loss $3,000, insured for $2,000.....The Kings County Grand Jury indicted Andreas Fuchs for the murder of Wm. Simmons in Williamsburg, L. I.....The National Bank of Commerce of New London, Ct., was robbed of $21,510 in cash.....James Callahan was fatally injured by being run over by a train at Bissville, L. I.....The Board of Trade inquiry into the foundering of the ship Earnest Cunard, which arrived at Liverpool, Eng., the board finding that she was sunk by the steamer Adriatic, the captain of which vessel should have reported the collision.....The British bark Carrying Maid, from New York, and allowed him to inspect her bows while in a damaged condition. Saving this, the captain is acquitted of blame, and his certificate restored to him.

☞ Feb. 8: The block of large business houses bounded by Broadway, Crosby, Grand and Howard streets, this city, was almost completely destroyed by a fire which commenced in Nos. 44 and 46 Broadway, occupied by Leaher, Whitman & Co., dealers in tailors' trimmings. Total loss, about $3,000 000; insurance, $2,000,000. Firemen David Muldoon, Chas. Linda, Lindsay Thomas, Chas. Cortisson and J. H. Bush, of 30 Engine, were buried under a falling wall, the two former and Bush receiving fatal injuries.....The Lapsadarian students of Yale College opened the British Parliament, the Lord Chancellor reading the speech; that the Wallachian Chamber had voted four millions of piastres for army equipments, but the policy of the government was declared to be pacific and neutral; that the Turkish men-of-war of Kleb had protested against the supervision of their boats from the Austrian lazaretto at Spalato; that the Turks were in battle had occurred between the Carlists and Alfonsists in Spain, each side claiming success; that *The London World* again declared that the Princess Beatrice is to be married to Prince Louis, and that the report that the Marquis of Ripon had presented $50,000 to the Pope; that the Common Council of Antwerp, Belgium, has decided to erect a statue to Henri Conscience, the historian, to the great historical fete in honor of the patriots of the sixteenth century, in connection with the next year's Rubens centenary.....C. A. Markson, who three years ago was sentenced to imprisonment for life for murder at Bloomington, Ind., was taken from jail by masked men and shot.....Considerable sensation was occasioned by the arrest of Jacob Schaefer, at his home in Paterson, charged with being the author of his stepdaughter, in violation of the laws of the State.

☞ Feb. 9: The failure of the following Montreal, Canada, firms was announced: Terrier & Co., liabilities over $450,000; and Ireland, Guy & Co., liabilities $100,000..... Cable dispatches were to the effect that the report that the Council of Ministers, Paris, France, had appointed Thiers to negotiate with the insurgents on the basis of Count Andrassy's note was untrue; that, in the debate in the German Reichstag on the military penal code, Prince Bismarck urged the reinsertion of the clauses imposing penalties on members of secret societies, and to prevent the inciting of hostility between different classes and the attacking of religious institutions; denied the existence of any semi-official papers or correspondents in Germany; that the Prefect of Police of Paris, France, had resigned, and his successor, Admiral Valentin, had refused him to disavow the support of the Republican M. Valentin in his candidature for the Chamber of Deputies; that Paris will spend $4,000,000 in Centennial year in the erection of public buildings and gardens and other objects peculiar to the municipality; that a bill was before the Hungarian Diet providing for the erection of a national monument to the dead statesman, Louis Kossuth; that a report that the last story relative to the finding of a quantity of gunpowder in the coal of a steamer at Antwerp, Belgium; that the Anglo-Egyptian Bank had declined the application of the House $10,000,000 to Egypt on the security of her crops, and also to loan $70,000,000 to meet the floating debt and other charges; that Pierre Sebastian Laurentie, the French historian, had died at Bordeaux, aged 77.....That the last offensive against the Alfonsist positions at Oyarzun..... In the Ohio Legislature a bill was passed allowing Circuit and Supreme Court Judges $1,000 of bonds of Southern Railroad.....Losses by fire: D. S. Simons' barns at Greenfield, Mass.—loss $5,500, lightly insured; J. G. Webster's barn, with cattle, etc., Derby, Vt.—loss $5,000; Page's saw-mill, South Antrim, N. H.—loss $3,000, insured for $2,000.....The Kings County Grand Jury indicted Andreas Fuchs for the murder of Wm. Simmons in Williamsburg, L. I.....The National Bank of Commerce of New London, Ct., was robbed of $21,510 in cash.....James Callahan was fatally injured by being run over by a train at Bissville, L. I.....The Board of Trade inquiry into the foundering of the ship Earnest Cunard, which arrived at Liverpool, Eng., the board finding that she was sunk by the steamer Adriatic, the captain of which vessel should have reported the collision.....The British bark Carrying Maid, from New York, and allowed him to inspect her bows while in a damaged condition. Saving this, the captain is acquitted of blame, and his certificate restored to him.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AUBIN, Philip J.—Retired Philadelphia merchant—that city, Feb. 3, aged 83.

BARRY, Thomas—Well-known actor and theatrical manager. (See Drama.)—Boston, Mass., Feb. 11.

COLERIDGE, Sir John Taylor—Formerly one of the Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench, and for years editor of *The Quarterly Review*. He was a nephew of the poet Coleridge, was born at Tiverton, Eng., and was a student at Oxford with Dr. Arnold and Mr. Keble. As a fellow of Exeter College, he won the Latin prize for verse in 1810, and the English and the Latin essay prize in 1813. In 1832 he was made a D. C. L. of Oxford, and in 1835 he was made a Judge of the Queen's Bench. "Blackstone's Commentaries," with notes—London, Feb. 11, aged 86.

FELL, Jesse A.—A veteran printer. He was born in Luzerne County, Pa., in 1779, and early in life removed to Philadelphia, where he was engaged for many years in the offices of *The Public Ledger* and *The North American*. In 1837-8 he was foreman in the office of *The New York Herald*—that city, Feb. 10.

FARRELL, Rev. Christopher A.—Lately pastor of St. Thomas' R. C. Church, Mamaroneck, Westchester County, N. Y. Having graduated at St. John's College, Fordham, about twenty years ago, and shortly after his ordination he was attached to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, this city. Subsequently he was attached to St. Ann's Church in New York City, and to St. Peter's, Barclay street, poor, he left here Feb. 1 for Savannah, Ga., and died there, at the Sisters' Hospital, Feb. 6

GREELEY, Miss Ellen—Daughter of Anna and the late Thomas Gregory of this city. In religion she was known as Sister Mary Sebastian of the Congregation of the Holy Cross—St. Ambrose Academy, Michigan City, Ind., Feb. 9.

GIBBS, Aaron V.—For the past nine years General Appraiser in the drygoods department of the Custom-house of Philadelphia—that city, Feb. 3, aged 58.

HALE, Charles—formerly a popular low-comedian. (See Drama)—Morrisania, this city, Feb. 11.

HOFFMAN, Jane A.—Widow of Dr. Adrian Kissam Hoffman—this city, Feb. 8, aged 74.

JOHNSON, Hon Reverdy—Eminent lawyer and unfinishing patriot. He was born in Annapolis, Md., May 21, 1796, and after graduating at St. John's College, that city, some years old he began the practice of the law, and four years later he was appointed State-attorney in Baltimore. He was a member of the Maryland State Senate for a part of the time he was practicing in Baltimore. In that body, he confined himself to the practice of the law for the next twenty years, and made his mark at the bar of the United States Supreme Court. In 1845 he was chosen a United States Senator, a position he resigned in 1849 to accept that of Attorney-general, tendered him by President Taylor. Withdrawing from that position in the following year, he was elected to the Senate, and held that high and honorable office again until 1862, when he was sent for the second time to the Senate. Subsequently he was Minister to England, and on his return home was tendered a banquet in Baltimore, at which he delivered an address, which was published as a pamphlet, and was entitled "The Duty of the Democratic Party." He was also the author of a work entitled "Observations upon the Character and Conduct of Mr. Madison," and was a contributor to the "Federalist"—Annapolis, Md., Feb. 10, aged 79.

MUNROE, Captain—Has been a navigator for upwards of half a century, and visited nearly all the leading ports in the world—Bristol, R. I., Feb. 9, aged 74.

MAXWELL, Jacob G.—Senior member of the manufacturing firm of J. G. Maxwell & Son, Philad

existence than they obtained from all the clubs they played with outside the city. Look at the figures—and figures don't lie, you know. In 1873 they received from us $7,351.05 for six games, having no account of two more we played them; in 1874, we gave them $4,687.45 for eight game, two being unaccounted for; and, in 1875, $3,293.45 for nine games, two being unaccounted for, making a total of $15,357.34, which, with three years' rent of ground, will take the sum total $18,587.34. In that time they received from outside clubs, $64,764.01, an average of $2691.38 to a game, while their average with us is $675.92 to a game. Now in view of all this, I think they have acted a part totally inconsistent with the high tone of the club, and one whichmust of necessity operate to their detriment."

After the transaction of routine business the meeting adjourned, to meet again on Wednesday evening, Feb. 16.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION IN MARCH.

In communication from the President of the "National League of Professional Clubs," he says: "It was agreed to overlook the shortcomings of the past, both in clubs and player, and to start afresh, believing that the rules which we adopted would give us such control over both that dishonest practices in play would meet with so swift and sure punishment that the professional arena would soon rid of all inclined to persist in the course which has brought so much discredit on the game in some of our cities." This means neither more nor less than a general absolution for the sins of the past which have been committed by certain professional players and club-sectors. It is to be regretted, however, that in dropping this "suspension of judgment" had not been extended to the Philadelphia Club, and that the "shortcomings" of the New Haven Club had not also been overlooked. The remarks of Mr. Bulkeley give us the cue for a motion to the professional clubs to make this Centennial year a season of "forgiveness of trespass" against the rules of fair play hitherto committed, and to make it also the commencement of a new era in professional play. "Creed" players now see that the baseball fraternity mean business in their inauguration of a crusade against "hippingame." They see that the eyes of professional club-shoulders have been opened to the costly nature of the cult of engaging unreliable players or "marked" and "suspected" men, and that the reform movement which has been started will now go ahead until honest play is rule of the entire fraternity. Now, under these circumstances, will it not be best to "let bygones be bygones," to throw the mantle of charity over all past misdeeds, with a view to encourage a hopeful reformation? As it now stand, it does not look promising for a season of honorous work in the professional arena. With two associations, having conflicting rules and regulations, and twots of claim to championship pennants to contend for, there is bo a divided interest in the season's play which cannot work disadvantageously against the pecuniary interest the leading clubs. Why not, then, for the purpose of obtaining entire harmony in the professional fraternity pt altogether at New Haven in March, under the auspices the National Association? The stockholding member that Association are in the majority; and they can, if choose, attend the March convention and vote to chathe name of the Association to that of the NationalAssociation of Professional Clubs—instead of "Playe They can also embody the rules and laws of the Le in the Association constitution. Policy, however, pout to them to rescind the rule prohibiting clubs cities of so many thousand inhabitants, and also threventing two clubs playing from one city. Because Philadelphia Club has not been properlmanaged, that is no reason why two or even clubs should not enter the lists from such localities as Philadelphia. As to the rule ding a club from a city of 75,000 inhabitants, is folly. More people, in proportion, turn out to a ball match in Hartford, with its population less than 60,000, than gather in Chicago. The re inconsistent with the true policy of the professional-company clubs, as the act of limiting each club's epitch. You have also remitted the sins of the Mutual Gllowed the St. Louis to engage marked men—one brown the excluded Philadelphia team—and considerls for the same consideration being shown to the Philaa Club and the New Haven, the latter of whichhe way, was excluded simply because, like the Wested Red Stocking teams, is failed to play return visits tant clubs.

Chicago Tribune, in an article on the New Haven Club's ition, quotes the small returns received at New Havene Chicago Club on three games; but it does not the small share of receipts the Hartford Club took Chicago, nor how small the receipts were of the Chicago at the Brooklyn Union Grounds. There are two si this question. The fact is, the Western clubs —threeir committees, with their proxy votes—rather "bossings at the League meeting, and hence the premsirin of the League. They came here with four votes; had but one vote to secure to have a working ma It was decided, Messrs. Hurlbut and Fowle, aided by two proxy votes, against Messrs. Bulkeley, AppoReach and Cammeyer; and with a prepared constand by-laws, and a plan of operation for the ensuing campaign to add them, it is no wonder that theceded as they did. Before the new laws are printsould be well that some of them were reconsidered, and,ber, questionen of the League, you cannot ter ttention of March next with the ruling power in you, and through that you can make your reform movet that was the sole object in view—still more likely success than it now is, if you choose. But if you r satisfied with your present little monopoly, and thwill pay to "play it alone," why, stand pat, and hposition take the field which will necessarily hamp operations and materially lessen the profits of yong campaign.

Yongparently forgotten, in framing your rules for interthat this Centennial year will be eminently one ofition" games. Your policy, therefore, should have open the door to the public, and not close it, as at thests to shut them out, as you have done. Again, we sin forgive one player or one club for its "irregularitlending upon your new rules for the present, *forgive all*, and begin the season harmoised not by creating a strong prejudice against yoovement through bad management in starting the

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION CONVENTION.

Grand Secret Action of the Philadelphia Club.

Great Baseball Excitement.

Uy, the "secret movement" of the Western elden the cause of a degree of excitement in conpa professional baseball-playing circles. If properlsibly taken advantage of, will do more to make thampaign a pecuniary as well as a creditable sua anything that probably could have been done bnch a result. The action of the "League" is the inause of the sudden interest manif sted by outsifessional baseball affairs, inasmuch as a first agrew of the movement has presented it in the lisility reform of existing abuses in the profession- and no doubt this has been the incentive to a ept. But, luckily, the intended reform has bpted in its progress by certain side issues, in w club rivalry and jealousy was permitted to uence. It is stated—as will be seen in a special ue subject in this department—that one motive ing state of affairs; for, whereas in 1874 the receipts were $13,800, and disbursements $12,983, in 1875 the receipts were $17,685, and expenses $21,414, or a deficit last year of $3,829. Fortunately for the Association, it had in 1873 a balance of $5,194 in hand, or, at the present rate of expenditure, it would soon be bankrupt; the salary account for last year being over $6,000, and expenses of Board of Appeals and Association an equal amount, or $4,000 more than the previous year. On the second day of the convention, a change in the constitution of the Association was effected, four judicial districts or minor courts of appeal being established, as follows:

Eastern District.—New England States and Canada. Place of meeting, Hartford, Ct.

Atlantic District.—New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, New Jersey, Maryland and District of Columbia. Place of meeting, New York City.

Central District.—Ohio, Indiana, West Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana and all States south of the southern border of Virginia and Kentucky. Place of meeting, Cincinnati, O.

Western District.—Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Iowa, Texas and all Western States and Territories not included in the other districts. Place of meeting, Chicago, Ill.

The Board of Appeals was altered to consist of sixteen members, instead of twelve, as at present. A motion that the duties of the secretary of this board should in future be solely clerical, and that he shall not, as now, be a member of the board, was supported by the Western and Southwestern delegates to a man, but it met with defeat from the Eastern delegates. Motions to give the second horse in a race a record, and that the records of two, three and four-year-old trotters should only be a bar in races for horses of that class, were lost. The rule as regards entrance fees was altered so as to make it incumbent upon associations to collect their entrance fees before a horse trots, or stand the loss in case they neglect to enforce this regulation. The Congress then adjourned, to meet in New York in February, 1878.

T CANADIAN MATCH OF 1875.

g is the full score of the best game played in 1875. It occurred at Kingston, Ont., on Oct. 6, between contestants being the Maple Leaf Club of the St. Lawrence of Kingston. No less than were played before the game was won by one man:

AF	R	In.	P.O.	A.	ST. LAWRENCE.	R.	In.	P.O.	A.
.....	0	0	2	0	Ledwith, 3d b.....	0	2	0	0
.....	0	3	2	0	Carew, r. f.....	2	1	2	0
.....	1	2	1	2	Dinnie, 2d b.....	1	1	4	4
.....	1	0	2	6	Hermeston, 1st b.	0	1	15	0
.....	0	0	1	1	McCannys, c. f....	0	2	1	0
.....	0	0	5	4	Faly, s. s.....	0	1	3	2
.....	0	0	0	0	Healy, l. f.....	0	0	2	0
.....	0	0	2	1	Lawlor, c.....	0	0	7	1
.....	0	2	1	7	Naylor, p.....	0	0	2	6
.....	3	9	36	21	Totals.....	3	8	36	21
.....	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0—2
.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0—1—3

Umpire, Time, 2h. 35m.

THE TURF.

TROTTING ASSOCIATION.

The [illegible] meeting of this Association was held at the Everett House, in this city, last week. The delegates from the member associations, 163 in number, assembled on Wednesday, February 8, Charles W. Hutchinson, the first vice-president of the society, in the chair. The resignation of Col. Ainsas Spragg, of Providence, R. I., the president of the Association, was presented and accepted, Charles W. Wooley of Cincinnati being elected to the vacant position, with Judge Grant of Davenport as second vice-president. Committees to revise rules and bye-laws, and on nomination of officers and Board of Appeals, and on the treasurer's and secretary's financial reports, were appointed. The treasurer's report revealed a startling state of affairs; for, whereas in 1874 the receipts were $13,800, and disbursements $12,983, in 1875 the receipts were $17,685, and expenses $21,414, or a deficit last year of $3,829. Fortunately for the Association, it had in 1873 a balance of $5,194 in hand, or, at the present rate of expenditure, it would soon be bankrupt; the salary account for last year being over $6,000, and expenses of Board of Appeals and Association an equal amount, or $4,000 more than the previous year. On the second day of the convention, a change in the constitution of the Association was effected, four judicial districts or minor courts of appeal being established, as follows:

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RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.

The trotting mare Highland Girl, for whom her owner, Mr. Geo. C. Hitchcock of New Preston, Ct., has repeatedly refused $10,000, was recently drowned in the lake at that place. Her owner, in company with a gentleman, was driving her on the ice, when it gave way, and mare, wagon and men went down. The gentlemen were saved with great difficulty.....Small Hopes, the horse who trotted under the name of Lothair, Lapland and other aliases during the last season, winning all the purses at Western trotting meetings, has been sold at a high price to Commodore Vanderbilt of this city. Of course, he is now of no value for track purposes, as he is on the expelled list.....The famous racehorse Tom Ochiltree has been sold by John F. Chamberlin to Geo. Lorillard for $15 000 and contingencies.....The chestnut colt Lightheels died last week at Major Green's stables, in this city.....The pool-selling privileges at the Nashville Spring and Fall meetings of 1876 have been sold to Ira McBride & Co. for $5,000.....Hugh Gaffney, the well-known steeplechase rider, who was ruled off by the judges at Jerome Park for suspicious foul riding there in the Fall of 1874, has been reinstated by the American Jockey Club, and he will resume his profession of trainer and cross-country jockey the coming season.....The Chester Park Association, Cincinnati, have determined to hold a running meeting in the latter end of May next. There will be four days' sport, with three races on each day. The principal events will be the Ohio Derby, for three-year-olds; the Ladies' Stakes, for two-year-olds; the Burnett House Stakes, for three-year-olds; and the Cincinnati Cup, for all ages.....The broodmare Belle Boyd died last week at Mr. Alexander Woodburn's Stud Farm, Kentucky.

Savannah Jockey Club Meeting.—The Fall race-meeting of the Savannah (Ga.) Jockey Club was brought to a close on Monday, Feb. 7, having been postponed from the previous Saturday on account of inclement weather. The first race was one of mile heats, for all ages, for a purse of $400, the winners of the mile-heat race on the second day to carry 5lb extra. The starters were Survivor, Vanderbilt, Lottie Moone, Prussian and Startle. Survivor was the favorite at long odds, but he finished nowhere. Lottie Moone won the first heat in 1:48¾, and Vanderbilt the second and third and the race in 1:49¾, 1:51. The second race was over hurdles, mile heats, for which only two horses—Cariboo and Vandal Jr. —came to the post. The latter fell and threw his rider at the first hurdle, which enabled Cariboo to canter home a winner in 2:35¾, distancing his opponent. The last race of the day and meeting was for the Consolation Purse of $300. The starters were Damon (who was the favorite), John Payne, Springlet, Marmion and two others. John Payne came in a winner in 1:49, Damon second, and Springlet third. During the afternoon the horses, five in number, in the stable of Messrs. Barton & Medinger, which had been ruled off by the Jockey Club on the previous Thursday, were sold at auction. They realized $2,400, and were purchased by parties from South Carolina, Virginia and North Carolina. Among the lot were First Chance, Emma G., Charley Cheatham, Libbie L., and another.

The Savannah Jockey Club Expulsion.—The facts relating to the expulsion from the turf of the racing stable of Messrs. Barton & Medinger of this city are as follows: Col. Owens, the President of the Savannah Jockey Club, while taking the entries for the second day's racing, detected Mr. Barton secretly slipping in two entries into the entry-box after the time for closing had expired. At first Mr. Barton denied the charge, but afterwards admitted it, excusing himself on the plea that he had forgot to deposit them before the proper time had expired. The action of the club was asked in the matter, and that body promptly ruled off Messrs. Barton & Medinger, their horses, trainer and riders. Subsequently the trainer and jockeys were reinstated.

PEDESTRIANISM.

WESTON OUTLASTS PERKINS.

Not long after his defeat at the hands of the Western wonder Dan O'Leary, E. P. Weston sailed from this port for England, and last week we received intelligence concerning the issue of his first pedestrian exhibition in that country. It took place at Agricultural Hall, London, Feb. 5, 6, 7, and was a contest between him and England's champion, William Perkins, as to which could walk the greater number of miles in twenty-four hours, the winner to receive a rambling silver cup. Perkins, a finch, and Weston, a blacksmith, were the competitors, the former by invitation of Weston, who had already signified his intention of making another attempt to accomplish 115 miles in a day's time, at which feat, on the 28th ult., he was successful. The result of the affair is given in the subjoined cable-dispatch, by which it will be seen that, although the American failed, as he had often done before, to accomplish the distance he had laid out for himself, he covered him self, on this occasion, at least a better stayer than his antagonist. As to the condition of the men we know nothing; but as Perkins had only ten days in which to prepare for a performance which he had never before attempted, and probably entered into it because he held no very high opinion of Weston's pluck, it is apparent that, when properly prepared, he is capable of making a considerably better show.

London, Feb. 9, 1876.—Weston the American pedestrian, and Perkins the English champion, commenced a walking-match in Agricultural Hall, Islington, at twenty-five minutes past nine o'clock last evening. The match was for a £250 cup for the greatest distance in twenty-four hours, Weston fixing his limit for 115 miles. Five thousand persons were present towards the close. Perkins gave out at 141 a.m. this morning, having walked 115 miles. Weston continued walking. He completed 73¾ miles at 1.45 P. M. today, having walked steadily and determinedly since last night, with one hour's rest. Weston's last mile was made in 14m. He failed, but the bad atmosphere of the hall was against him.

Champion Foot-Race.—Henry Hescott of London and James McLeary of the Scotch ped. decided their match to run three miles for £15 a side and Cooper's challenge belt, at Royal Oak Park, Manchester, Eng., Jan. 22. The weather was fine, but the state of the course and the stamina of the men it was thought that a close and exciting struggle would take place. This was not the case, however, as the Londoner, at the word, was receiving 195 yards start, had the pace of the Scotch champion all the way, and eventually won easily. McLeavy got within 100 yards of his man at the half-distance, but Hescott retained this lead to the finish, and won in 18min 20½sec. McLeavy's time being 15min. 36sec. The winner was brought to the post in splendid condition, and from the manner in which he won it is evident that he will be able to take his own part in races, however good the company may be. McLeavy, on the other hand, seemed rather fleshy, and he did not run in the same style noticed on previous occasions.

Allison vs. an Unknown and others.—The efforts which have for some weeks past been making to bring about a match between Tom Allison of Pennsylvania, and an Unknown, represented by Bart Tinnucher, have come to nought through the unavoidable retirement of Allison from match-making for the present. His reasons for withdrawing from the negotiations, and taking back the offer made last week, are thus stated in a letter received from him on the 14th: "First—When I ran Lady on New-year's Day, the men who backed me did not pay me, and don't intend to; second—the parties who were going to find me five hundred for this match and that with Ennis Corcoran, have failed to do as they agreed to; third—I have not got the money, and can't get anyone to find it for me in Providence; fourth—I intend to retire until I can raise the money myself, or get men who will be honorable. You will see that there are no obstacles in the way now that will make it impossible for me to run for from three to six months, except in handicaps."

Arrangements are being made for a pedestrian tournament, to be held on the Passaic County Fair Grounds, at Clifton, N. J. (near Paterson), on Washington's Birthday, 22d inst. John Oddy is to attempt the feat of walking 7¾ miles in one hour, and prizes are to be given to winners of the following contests: 130-yard handicap for Passaic and Bergen Counties; one-mile amateur walk, and a one-mile walk for colored men. All entries to be made before Saturday, the 19th.

A handicap foot-race is to come off at Elyria, O., on the 23d inst.; distance, 130 yards; first prize, $100, gold; second, $50, silver; third, $25, currency; and fourth, $10, currency. Entries are reported to be lively, and among those already known are Bob Foulds and John Hipp, Canton; O. C. Kent, Alliance; and A. C. Penfield, Oberlin.

We have a letter for "Bart" Tinnucher.

COCKING.

NEW JERSEY vs. STATEN ISLAND.

A main of cocks between representative fanciers of New Jersey and Staten Island was fought on Tuesday night, Feb. 8, at a well-known pit on Jersey Flats. The conditions were to show fifteen cocks on each side, and fight all that weighed in for $20 each battle, and $400 the odd fight deciding the main. After the process of weighing was over, it was announced that eleven birds on each side had fallen in, and betting at once became brisk and heavy in amount.

First Battle.—New Jersey pitted a blackred, and Staten Island a pyle; weight, 4lb 6oz. each. The betting was $50 to $35 on the pyle, the odds being freely taken. The favorite took a decided lead in the fighting at the start; but the Jersey bird was dead game, kept pegging away after being badly cut up, and finally laid out the pyle dead at his feet with a brain-cut. Time, 8min.

Second.—Each side pitted a blackred, scaling 4lb 4½oz. Even betting at the start; but the splendid fighting qualities of the New Jersey bird, one of the Ludlow breed, soon turned the odds on him. He won, without receiving any injury, in 4min.

Third.—New Jersey produced a spangled and Staten Island a buff-colored, each weighing 4lb 4oz. Betting even, and the fighting fast and punishing. Both birds were dead game, but a sudden brain-blow laid out the spangle dead, and gave the Staten Islanders their first victory. Time, 11min.

Fourth.—Two pyles were pitted, scaling 4lb 3oz. each. At the first fly the New Jersey champion got his leg broken; but after fighting gamely for 12 minutes he was withdrawn, and the fight given to the Islanders. Two fights for each side.

Fifth.—The Staten Islanders were so jubilant at the favorable change of affairs that they freely offered $25 to $15 on their representative in this fight. He was a blackred, as was also his opponent, each weighing 4lb 2oz. Both were fast fighters and punishing hitters. The Jessey bird lost an eye on the second buckle; but he did not seem to mind it in the least, and after fighting 18 minutes he buried his steel deep into his rival's throat, and won the battle.

Sixth.—Staten Island pitted a gray and New Jersey a lightred, 4 pounders. There was little or no betting, as neither bird seemed first-class. The Jersey bird proved himself a dunghill, and ran away. The fight was given to Staten Island. Time, 20min.

Seventh.—New Jersey sent in a gallant-looking lightred, and Staten Island a blackred equally handsome; weights, 3lb 12oz. each. There was not much betting at the start, but, as the fight progressed and the birds got fairly to work, it became very heavy. Gamer chickens were never heeled, and everyone got excited as they witnessed the punishing contest. One Staten Islander in his excitement offered $100 to $60 on the champion of his side, which odds were taken three times. Although blinded in both eyes, the New Jersey bird fought furiously, and with a brain-blow laid out his opponent dead in the pit. Time, 14min.

Eighth.—Each side sent in a lightred scaling 3lb 10oz. The fight was soon decided, a chance blow laying out the Jersey bird at the third fly. Time, 5min.

Ninth.—A pyle for New Jersey and a blackred for their opponents; weights, 3lb 9oz. Even betting on the fight, but offers to bet $50 to $40 on Staten Island winning the main. A good fight while it lasted, the Jersey bird winning in 9min.

Tenth.—Two reds were pitted, each scaling 4lb. Odds were offered on the Staten Islander, and freely taken. It was a gallant fight, but the New Jersey champion won in 16min. This fight decided the main, New Jersey having won six battles to Staten Island's four.

Eleventh.—Though the main was over and decided, the last fight was brought off, each side producing a blackred weighing 4lb 2oz. It was soon decided, the New Jersey bird winning in 6min. Summary:

Battles.	*N. J.*	*S. I.*	*Weights.*	*Won by.*
1.	Blackred.....	Pyle.....	4lb 6oz	New Jersey.
2.	Blackred.....	Blackred.....	4 04½	New Jersey.
3.	Spangle.....	Blackred.....	4 04	Staten Island.
4.	Pyle.....	Pyle.....	4 03	Staten Island.
5.	Blackred.....	Blackred.....	4 02	New Jersey.
6.	Lightred.....	Gray.....	4 03	Staten Island.
7.	Lightred.....	Blackred.....	3 12	New Jersey.
8.	Lightred.....	Lightred.....	3 10	Staten Island.
9.	Pyle.....	Blackred.....	3 09	New Jersey.
10.	Red.....	Red.....	4 00	New Jersey.
11.	Blackred.....	Blackred.....	4 02	New Jersey.

New Jersey, 7; Staten Island, 4.

COCKING IN VIRGINIA.

A main of cocks was fought at the New Market Hall, Richmond, Va., Feb. 7, between Richmond and Henrico County. The Richmonders showed the Prayer stock, a favorite strain in that vicinity. Each party showed eleven birds, and fought seven—all that fell in weight—with 1¾ inch gaffs, agreeing to give and take 2oz. A large crowd was in attendance, but little betting was done. The old veteran Bob Allen was present and tried to make up a main for from $100 to $300 but could no achieve.

First Battle.—Richmond showed a gray, 4lb 12oz., and Henrico a white 5lb 12oz. Quick to work, but the gray lost the fight inside of three minutes by ingloriously running. First battle scored for Henrico.

Second.—Both stags. Richmond a blackbottomed, 4lb 4oz. Henrico a clarked, 4lb 4oz. Slow to work, but slashing for a few minutes after starting. R. proved to be a hard hitter, and soon cut the Henrico bird badly on the shoulder. Both began to weaken at the expiration of ten minutes, and showed a decided tendency to lay down, it was finally agreed that the veteran Tovee should fight when handled, and so kept it up for 37 minutes, when R. lost on the count.

Third.—Henrico showed a 5-10 blackbottomed, and Richmond a 5-12 Kent Dominica. Both were fine birds, and betting at $30 to $20 were freely offered on the Dominica, who proved to be a perfect steam engine, and won the fight, and first battle for Richmond, by cutting his adversary's throat in 5min.

Fourth.—R. showed a 4-14 lightred, and H. a blackbottomed, 4 12. This proved to be a short fight, as the Henrico bird was so badly cut at the start that it sat him crazy. When pitted he would immediately fly against the wall, or in the faces of the lookers-on, and, it is needless to say, he soon cleared the circle around the pit.

Fifth.—Each side showing a fit, dead weight. R. was a gray, and H. a blackbottomed. Both cocks seemed to be favorites, and considerable betting was done. The gray was the choice bird, and deservedly so, as he was badly coupled in the start, but never ceased fighting, and succeeded in making the red leave the pit in the expiration of 4 minutes. The Richmond boys were now satisfied, having only one fight to win in the main.

Sixth.—R. showed a blackbottomed, 5-2, and H. a blue of same weight. They came together with a rush, and gave and took hard blows and cuts freely. The blue was a hummer and soon coupled his opponent, who proved to be game through, and fought well until killed by a brain-blow. Time 6 minutes. Each side having now won three fights, the crowd became somewhat excited, and considerable betting was indulged in on the result.

Seventh.—R. showed a 5-8 red against a 5-5 muff for H.—both beauties. After 5 minutes' hard fighting the red was cut down, but not so badly as to prevent his losing the battle and main by jumping the pit several times. Time, 6 minutes.

BOWLING.

THE NASSAUS vs. THE TERPSICHORES.

The first game of the championship tournament series between the representative teams of the Nassaus of Williamsburg and the Terpsichores of New York was played on Monday night, Feb 7, on the alley of the former club. The Nassaus have recently reorganized their club, and now present a formidable team of bowlers. The Terpsichores were short of some of their best players, and the slippery condition of the alley was against them. Leopold Kahn headed the score of his team with 170; Leopold Kahn ranking next with 160. The Nassaus took the lead on the second frame, and, retaining it throughout, won the game by a score of 1,519 points to 1,376. The highest scores on their side were made by T. Cooper with 183, Hague with 170, and George Grum with 164.

Nassau.	Strikes.	Spares.	Breaks.	Totals.	Terpsichore.	Strikes.	Spares.	Breaks.	Totals.
H. Wilson.....	0	5	5	122	Chas. Eiseman.	0	5	5	137
"Hague".....	1	7	2	170	E. A. Moulle...	1	4	5	126
Geo. Conover...	3	2	5	159	E. C. Biele.....	2	3	5	142
H. Hoffman.....	2	3	5	126	Wm. Biele.....	2	3	5	135
J. Unburch.....	3	3	4	135	Isaac Hahn.....	1	3	6	126
Geo. Grum.....	3	5	2	164	L. Kahn.....	2	4	4	160
R. Ellis.....	4	3	5	161	S. Gerber.....	2	4	4	140
J. Bulger.....	1	5	4	125	Frank A. Sauer	3	3	4	178
T. Cooper.....	4	3	5	183	G. Schindhelm.	1	0	9	102
R. Orr.....	2	5	3	160	M. Schindhelm.	1	4	5	138
Nassau.....	136	279	458	646	784	917	1,085	1,215	1,357	1,519
Terpsichore..	144	284	441	527	651	800	984	1,096	1,241	1,376

Umpire, H. Bartlett of the Athletic Club. Scorers, H. Folk and J. H. Escher. Time, 2h.

NATIONALS vs. PIN KNIGHTS.

The return game between the above two Brooklyn teams was played at the headquarters of the Pin Knights on Tuesday evening, Feb. 8. In the previous game between the Knights and Nationals, after a remarkably close contest, won by 7 points only, which made them immensely the favorites on the present occasion. Both clubs had taken great pains to be prepared for this match by constant practice, and last week we received intelligence concerning the issue of his first pedestrian exhibition in that country. It took place at Agricultural Hall, London, Feb. 5, 6, 7, and was a contest between him and England's champion, William Perkins, as to which could walk the greater number of miles in twenty-four hours, the winner to receive a rambling silver cup. Perkins, a finch, and Weston, a blacksmith, were the competitors, the former by invitation of Weston, who had already signified his intention of making another attempt to accomplish 115 miles in a day's time, at which feat, on the 28th ult., he was successful. The result of the affair is given in the subjoined cable-dispatch, by which it will be seen that, although the American failed, as he had often done before, to accomplish the distance he had laid out for himself, he covered him self, on this occasion, at least a better stayer than his antagonist. As to the condition of the men we know nothing; but as Perkins had only ten days in which to prepare for a performance which he had never before attempted, and probably entered into it because he held no very high opinion of Weston's pluck, it is apparent that, when properly prepared, he is capable of making a considerably better show.

Pin Knights.	Strikes.	Spares.	Breaks.	Totals.	Nationals.	Strikes.	Spares.	Breaks.	Totals.
J. Moller Jr....	2	5	3	171	W. Ferris.....	3	7	0	202
E. Anderson....	4	2	4	161	W. Sayer.....	3	3	6	140
H. Fink.....	2	3	4	130	J. W. Schumann..	2	4	3	141
C. Moller.....	1	2	7	119	F. Cullan.....	4	3	3	181
J. C. Fink.....	4	3	5	168	R. Clack.....	3	3	4	167
H. Ehret.....	3	3	4	143	J. Gallagher...	2	3	5	140
H. Luhrs.....	1	4	5	140	J. Innis.....	3	7	0	184
H. Dieffenbach	1	3	6	125	C. Clack.....	2	4	4	152
A. Altenbrand.	1	3	6	161	J. Moore.....	2	4	4	152
F. Anderson....	5	3	2	193	J. Cummings...	3	4	3	167
Totals.....	24	33	50	1515	Totals.....	29	46	31	1659
Nationals.....	192	351	521	691	856	1026	1191	1353	1505	1659
Pin Knights....	181	349	529	651	825	951	1123	1264	1449	1513

Umpire, R. Malcolm. Scorers, Messrs Colon and Ellis. Time, 2h. 10m.

GERMANIA vs. EMPIRES.

The second game of the tournament series between the Empire Club of New York and the Germania Club of Williamsburg, was played at Heiser's Alley, in Brooklyn, E. D., on Wednesday evening, Feb. 9. The previous game had been won by the Empire team, but the tables were turned on the present occasion, for the Germanias took the lead from the commencement of the play, and won the game by exactly 100 pins. No large scores were made on either side; Messrs. Wallace and G. Hayes leading for the Empires with 190 and 180 respectively, and Jas. Moller with 180 and 160 respectively for the ancient Growlers. The deciding game of the rubber will be played on Tuesday evening, Feb. 15, at Kettler's Alley, Grand street, Williamsburg.

Germania.	Strikes.	Spares.	Breaks.	Totals.	Empire of N.Y.	Strikes.	Spares.	Breaks.	Totals.
P. Mollmar.....	2	6	2	167	D. Moore.....	2	7	6	140
G. Moller.....	2	4	3	180	J. Sullivan.....	3	3	4	149
E. Voege.....	2	3	5	143	G. Hayes.....	2	6	2	166
F. Moller.....	2	3	5	133	L. Voss.....	1	5	4	139
H. Dick.....	7	0	3	196	J. Wallace.....	2	6	2	180
C. Bendix.....	4	0	6	153	McEvoy.....	2	4	4	133
J. Myer.....	3	2	5	138	A. Mahler.....	0	3	7	108
J. Moller.....	2	4	4	160	O'Neil.....	3	2	5	151
J. Moller.....	2	3	5	180	Jas. Casey.....	2	3	5	100
A. Voege.....	2	5	3	185	Donebaum.....	1	5	4	139
Totals.....	27	30	43	1598	Totals.....	18	47	43	1534

Umpire, Harry Bartlest of the Athletic Club. Scorers, H. G. Dieffenbach of the Pin Knights, John Ellis of the National. Time, 2h. 15m.

TERPSICHORE CLUB PRIZE BOWLING.

The Terpsichore Club of this city have introduced a pleasing feature into their social enjoyment of bowling, and which has been rendered a benefit by its sport at regular stated Intervals. On Saturday night last they entertained a large number of their friends at their headquarters, at the Germania Assembly Rooms, in the Bowery, which were elegantly decorated for the occasion. The sport opened with a match-game between the gentlemen players for prizes, aides being chosen by C. Eiseman and S. Gerber respectively, the latter winning, as the subjoined score shows:

	Strikes.	Spares.	Breaks.	Totals.		Strikes.	Spares.	Breaks.	Totals.
C. Eiseman....	1	2	7	128	S. Gerber.....	2	4	4	146
L. Kahn.....	3	3	4	153	E. A. Moulle...	3	2	8	135
I. Hahn.....	2	3	5	114	W. Schindhelm..	3	2	5	114
G. Kuhn.....	1	1	8	105	F. A. Sauer.....	3	5	2	171
H. Groh.....	2	1	7	126	D. J. McAuslan	2	4	3	111
H. Snell.....	3	3	4	143	J. Fischer.....	2	4	4	131
T. Greatrex....	1	3	3	145	C. Martin.....	1	2	8	103
E. Groh.....	1	3	6	124	Dr. Denhard....	1	4	6	130
Totals.....	14	20	46	1046	Totals.....	14	21	45	1033

This was followed by a match-game between the ladies, in which fifteen of them participated. It was productive of much amusement, many of the ladies proving apt pupils at the game. The prizes were won in the following order, and, after their distribution, all the players and their friends participated in the elegant hospitalities of the Terpsichore Club:

Mrs. Eiseman.....	89	Miss Kahn.....	68
Mrs. Hahn.....	87	Mrs. Gerber.....	66
Miss Eiseman.....	85	Miss Lauer.....	66
Mrs. Jeannot.....	83	Miss Kantzler.....	64
Mrs. Lynch.....	73	Miss Lynch.....	62
Miss Birdsall.....	71	Miss Mary Hunt.....	59
Miss McAuslan.....	69	Mrs. Snell.....	39
Miss Hunt.....	68		

Auld Scotia is to be represented at the Centennial rifle-shooting contest to be held in Philadelphia. The cable informs us that the Scottish Rifle Club has declined Sir Henry Halford's invitation to sacrifice its individuality by joining in forming a British team, and that decision means with general approval on this side of the Atlantic. The threat of the English riflemen that if Scotland and Ireland send separate teams to America they will withdraw from the contest, is, to say the least, discourteous, and to us appears to indicate that the marksmanship of the present English "cracks," who can be induced to participate, is so inferior to that of their Scotch and Irish neighbors that the probability of a disastrous det-at frightens them from the field. This is greatly to be regretted, for a defeat would be more honorable than a retreat, and we hope that the English will yet be represented at Philadelphia.

A series of shooting contests will come off at the Fair Grounds, Canton, O., on March 4. The first will be for the gold badge and championship of the Canton Sportsmen's Club, and will be between Geo. Smith and A. Kunamaker, the present wearer of the badge; each contestant to shoot at 10 birds, 25yds. rise and 80yds. boundary, from a plunge-trap. The second match, made under the same rules, is between Herman Loeffler, present champion of the Massillon Sportsmen's Club, and P. D. Machamer of Cairo, O., for $100 a side. The third cont

HIS VALENTINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Young Fitzclarence Brown to the post-office went,
With the hope that some fair one a missive had sent,
For his stylish-like manner, his mustache and curls
(In his own estimation) had caught all the girls.

And this to the clerk, with a pompous-like frown:
"Is there anything here for Fitzclarence Brown?"
Then the clerk quickly tackled a package of B's,
Gave a grin, then a cough, and a terrible sneeze,

And thrust in Fitzclarence's corn-colored glove
A missive as white as the breast of a dove,
While the sweetest of thoughts ran through Mr. Brown
From his number-three shoes to his seal-covered crown.

He paused ere he tore the white wrapper apart,
And wondered what darling had felt Cupid's dart.
He opened the letter, his pulse stood quite still—
'Twas only his washwoman's quarter'ly bill!

VIOLET MILDMAY;

OR,

IN THE SPIDER'S WEB.

A THRILLING ROMANCE OF LOVE, DECEIT AND CRIME.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Some Jack-in-office holds the keys
Of poorer men's misfortunes, and turns them
To his own advantage.

So Bertie had declared love, and won an acknowledgment from Ethel that his love was returned. For a few moments the rapture which necessarily followed upon his success rendered him unconscious and oblivious to the dangers and obstacles which still bestrewed his path. A sigh from Ethel—he still held her hand—woke him from his dream.

"What shall we do?" he asked in a low, tender voice.

It was a momentous question. To win a confession of her love from Lady Boisdale was one thing, to obtain her hand in marriage was another and a very different one. Ethel looked down upon him with infinite love, and shook her head. She did not know. She was not mad enough to believe for an instant that Lord Lackland would consent to the match, and she could not see her way at all.

Now, Bertie was the soul of honor, and as he sat, almost knelt, at his loved one's feet, he determined to act in strict accordance with the dictates of his conscience.

"Ethel," he said—and the name sounded wonderfully sweet as he dwelt upon it with loving tenderness—"Ethel, we will be brave. I must go to the Earl and ask for my pearl of price. Shall I go tomorrow?"

Ethel turned pale and sighed.

"To-morrow?" she said. "Yes—must it be so soon?"

"Yes," he said quietly and gravely. "The world will say that I should have asked him first; but we cannot always control our hearts; they will have their way sometimes, and mine has been under bolt and bar so long—so long."

"So long?" she murmured, blushing, and turning away from him.

"Almost from the day when I first saw you—do you remember the time? Poor Leicester was alive then, and I poured all my hopes and fears into his ears."

"Poor Leicester!" said Ethel softly.

"He had hopes and fears of his own," said Bertie, "for no one knows how much, how deeply, he loved Violet; yet, notwithstanding his own doubts and difficulties, he always had sympathy for me, and would listen night and day to my complaints. I did complain, Ethel. I thought it hard that I should be debarred from hope: you were an earl's daughter—as you are now—and I was penniless, struggling, unknown."

"But it is all altered now," breathed Ethel, pressing his hand. "You are famous, and—and not poor."

"No; but I am not rich," said Bertie.

"What should that matter to papa?" said Ethel. "He does not want money."

Bertie, who had his suspicions, thought that it might be otherwise, but he did not wish to dishearten or distress his darling with premature forebodings, so he remained silent. But this one spoke volumes, nevertheless, and Ethel rose, intoxicated with her new-born happiness, to meet Lady Lackland, who was seen approaching.

"Ah, Mr. Fairfax," said the Countess, eyeing him suspiciously with a cold smile. "How good of you to take care of Lady Boisdale! I suppose you have been amusing yourselves, Ethel. Ar, dear, the carriage is waiting. I don't know where your papa is."

"Will your ladyship permit me to escort you?" said Bertie, and the two ladies were taken through the crowded room upon his arm.

There was a crush in the street, and while Bertie, bareheaded, was placing the ladies in the carriage, the Earl and Lord Fitz came up.

Mr. Murpoint was with them, serene and self-composed as usual, though the crush and confusion were ewildering.

"Here you are!" said the Earl, "We were just going to look for you. Fitz has been seeing the Middlemays to their brougham."

Howard Murpoint closed the door as the two gentlemen entered the carriage, and stood with his dark eyes half-closed, fixed upon Ethel.

"Good-night, Lady Boisdale," he said. "I can see you have enjoyed yourself."

Ethel started at his voice, for she was leaning toward Bertie, who had gone round to the other side of the carriage

"I—yes, thank you, very much. It has been delightful," she said.

Then the carriage was on the move, and Bertie and Howard Murpoint stood looking after it. Howard Murpoint regarded Bertie with a smile.

"You do not fear influenza," he said, nodding at the other's bare head.

"Eh? Oh, no," said Bertie. "I'll get my hat now, though."

And with a cool nod he strode into the hall again. Howard Murpoint stood looking after him as he fought his way through the crowd of servants, and nodded his sleek head once or twice.

He has put the question," he muttered. "I knw it by the look of him, and she said 'Yes.' Hah, ha! Mr. Fairfax, you have not won the game yet."

At that he spoke he made his way to his own brougham, and in so doing nearly knocked down a gentleman who was standing near him.

"Ah, Smythe!" he exclaimed, "you here?"

"Yes," said the man, a short, nervous-looking creature, with fair, insipid face, and timid, restless eyes. "Yes; just passing on my way to the club, and stopped to look in."

"Oh!" said Howard Murpoint. "Better come home and coffee with me."

And he linked his arm within that of his acquaintance. The two men entered the brougham, which immediately drove off. Wilhelm Smythe, for that was the name—or rather the improved name—it had been Wilhelm Smith—of the stranger, was the son of a retired tea-merchant. His father had left him an enormous amount of property, and a very small amount of brains. He was a nervous, timid, restless creature, with undying ambition to enter the charmed circle of the upper ten. He was robbed on every side to some extent, and would have been entirely fleeced had it not been for a small amount of cunning which made him suspicious after the first attempt, and so saved him. The captain—or rather Howard Murpoint, as he preferred to be called—had met him in the club some few months previously, and had found out all about him. Most men in the captain's place would have made an attempt then and there, but the captain was too wise. He had never mentioned money to him, and had even, when Wilhelm Smythe had asked for some shares in one of the captain's companies, refused to let him have them.

By these means he had won the good opinion of the half-cunning simpleton, who thought Howard Murpoint the nicest and most disinterested of friends.

All the whole Howard Murpoint gave a glowing description of the ball, to which, of course, Wilhelm Smythe had received no invitation, and the poor fellow was in agonies of envy.

"Delightful!" he exclaimed. "And she was there, for I saw her."

"Whom?" said the captain.

"Can you ask me," sighed Mr. Smythe, "when you know that I am madly in love with her?"

The captain sighed.

"My dear wot, I've heard nothing," he said encouragingly.

"Why, all the flows have been chaffing me," said the simpleton. Everybody knows that I've followed her about everywhere for the last three weeks. She's an angel, a goddess! and it is hard lines that I can't get near her but, though I am a very good deal better off than half a dozen of these lords and marquises put together, they don't think I'm fit company for them. It's crying shame! I ought to have been asked to the Duchess of Clare's ball, and everybody knows I ought."

"Of course you ought," said Howard Murpoint, inwardly smiling at the fellow's impudence, "of course you ought, and if I had known you'd have cared to have gone, I would have got you a ticket."

"You would!" exclaimed the dupe gratefully.

"Of course," said Howard Murpoint, "nothing easier; but I always thought you despised that sort of thing—couldn't dance—no notion about, and cared only for a dinner and a cigar, or a rubber at the club."

"Ah, it's different now," said the love-sick Mr. Smythe, "it's different now, since I've seen her."

"And who is the lady?" asked the captain.

They were ascending the stairs to the smoking-room as the question was asked, and Mr. Smythe flung himself into the most comfortable lounge of the great man's luxurious sanctum ere he answered:

"Don't you know? Can't you guess?"

"Not an idea," said the captain, handing him the cigars. "Come, who is she?"

The little fellow sighed, and replied, with due solemnity:

"Lady Boisdale."

The captain's eyes flashed. He had wanted a tool! Here was one, ready-made to his hand.

"Oh," he said, his busy brain cunningly devising the scheme for Bertie's confusion and his own advancement. "Oh, and is that all?"

"All!" repeated Mr. Smythe. "Do you know who she is? The daughter of an earl! The most beautiful woman in London, the—the—oh, it's impossible for me to hope ——"

"Not so fast!" said the captain, dropping into a chair and speaking softly—very softly, indeed, as was his wont when he was playing with a dupe or enticing and luring a victim. "Ethel Boisdale is human. 'Tis true she is the daughter of an earl, but you are rich, very rich, my dear Smythe, and the daughters of earls, some of them, like good settlements."

The young fellow's eyes brightened.

"D'ye think that would make any difference?" he asked. "I thought those sort of people didn't care for money."

"Everybody cares for money, the highest and the lowest of the land, and, between you and me, my dear Smythe, the highest want it most."

"You ought to know," sighed the enamored youth, anxious to believe, yet scarcely daring to do so; "you know everything on the board, as people say, and I know you can do almost anything."

"I can procure an invitation for you to the next ball at Lackland House, or at the Duchess'," said Mr. Murpoint. "If you want to go into society, why don't you say so?"

"You know I want to go everywhere on the chance of seeing that angel."

The captain smiled.

"Don't look so despondent, my dear fellow. Who knows? You may have got her consent within a month."

"No, I don't hope; I can't hope," sighed the youth.

"Come," said the captain, pushing the bottle, and eyeing his dupe keenly, "if you have set your heart upon marrying Lady Ethel Boisdale, I think I can help you."

"You can!" exclaimed the young fellow.

"I can, and I will," said the captain quietly, "on one condition—that you will never mention that you are indebted to me for your success."

"I promise that," said Mr. Smythe eagerly; "and you really will ——"

"Do my best to recommend you to the Earl and his peerless daughter, and, what is more, I will venture to bet you something that I succeed."

"Eh?" said Mr. Smythe, scarcely catching the idea.

Then suddenly he saw what Mr. Howard Murpoint meant.

"I see!" he said. "I'll bet you—you a—a—five thousand."

The captain raised his eyebrows.

"I never bet," he said, "unless the stake is worth something. If I am to enter it in my book it must be twenty thousand."

Mr. Smythe hesitated—only for a moment.

"Twenty thousand be it," he said. "If I marry Lady Ethel I pay you twenty thousand, and if I don't ——"

"I pay you," said Mr. Murpoint softly. "It's a wager."

And he held out his long, claw-like, white hand. Mr. Smythe rose, clasped it eagerly, and, after a fervent and excited "Good-night," took his departure.

It was morning, bright, beaming morning, by that time, and Mr. Murpoint had too many great matters on hand to allow of his retiring to rest. Instead he stepped into a cold bath, which was ready for him in an adjoining room, and, dressing himself in his business suit of dark Oxford mixture, with an imposing white waistcoat, made his way to his office in Pall Mall. Seating himself in his chair in his own private room, he touched a small bell. In answer to the summons there entered a tall, thin and cadaverous-looking man with a small dispatch-case.

"Good-morning, Ridgett," said Mr. Murpoint.

The man bowed, and took from his portfolio a number of papers. The captain went over them with a quick scrutiny and issued his instructions.

"You will proceed in this case, Mr. Ridgett," he said, throwing one letter over.

"Yes, sir. The woman is a widow, and very poor, and suffers from an incurable complaint."

"The office has nothing to do with that," said Mr. Murpoint. "We did not kill the husband, and we did not undertake to cure her complaint. She came into our hands of her own accord, and we simply demand the fees due to us. You will proceed without delay."

"Certainly, sir," said Mr. Ridgett, replacing the letter and taking out another. "What shall I do in the case of the man Linnett? He has been laid up with rheumatic gout, has lost his little boy, and been put to great expense. He asks for time, sir."

"Time is money," said Mr. Murpoint. "Time is not yours or mine, Mr. Ridgett; we cannot give him time—stay, we will give him till to-morrow."

"He cannot possibly pay up all arrears by that time."

"Then sell him up, stick and stone," said the kind-hearted and noble Mr. Murpoint. "The office undertakes to lend money, the clients undertake to pay the interest. When the office fails to do its duties, then the clients are justified in asking for indulgence, not till then. All the rest of these may stand over, but charge them the inquiry fee, Mr. Ridgett, and double the interest, according to agreement."

Mr. Ridgett bowed.

"By the way," said Mr. Murpoint, "have you bought up the L. debts yet?"

"Not all, sir," was the reply. "You instructed me to wait further commands."

"Wait no longer," said Mr. Murpoint, "but get as many of the Lackland bills together as you can. You understand?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Ridgett.

And, dismissed by a nod, he took his departure.

Scarcely had he gone when a clerk entered and informed his principal that a man wished to see him.

"What name?"

"Job' was all I could get, sir."

"Show him in."

In a few minutes the small form and weather-beaten face of the smuggler entered the room.

Job, who had often paid visits to the captain at various places, but never at his office, was awed for a moment by the grand furniture and piles of papers and documents.

"Mornin', captain ——"

"Say 'Mr. Murpoint' or 'sir,' if you please, Job," said the captain softly.

Job scraped his heel and scratched his head.

"Mornin', sir, then, if so be as you likes it better."

"Have you brought the account?" said Mr. Murpoint.

Job nodded, and produced a greasy bag, which he placed on the polished table. The captain turned out the contents of the bag, and commenced counting the heap of gold and silver. Then he examined an account which was made on a dirty piece of paper that Job had handed him, looking up at the last with a dark frown.

"How is this?" he said, in a low, stern voice. "There is some mistake. Here is only a third of the profits—there should be a half."

"There be not no mistake, capt—sir," said Job, with an emphatic nod. "They've sent all they means to send, and a hard job I had to get that. The boys say that they don't see the justice like of one man—gentleman or no gentleman—taking half the swag, when they've worked for the whole of it."

"Oh, they don't?" said Mr. Murpoint with a soft smile, "and is it true, my boy, that you deal with the 'swag,' as you call it, my friend, on the road?"

Job's face flushed, and his little eyes darkened angrily.

"I am no thief, captain," he said.

"The law would call you one, my friend," said Mr. Murpoint. "It has the bad taste not only to call smuggling thieving, but to punish it very much. Soh the boys are discontented, are they? and send word by you that they don't choose to keep their agreement? Now, my friend, you take this message from me. Tell them that unless I have the remainder of the money by this time next week, and a fair half for the future, paid to the very day, I will 'peach' upon the lot of them. Not a man shall escape me. The police shall know how the great smuggling trade is done, and who does it. You tell them, will you, with my compliments?"

"I'll tell them," said Job quietly.

"And let them take heed. I am a man of my word, and what I threaten I will perform. If they'd like a turn at Portland, let them refuse to give me my due."

"One-half the whole of what they get at their risk and peril, while you sit here in velvet and grandeur," said Job sternly.

"Exactly," said Mr. Murpoint. "I sit here and hold the lot of you, every man Jack, in my open hand," and he stretched out his hand, "and if I close it, like that, you're caught and crushed. Tell them that, and advise them, my good Job, not to irritate me by obstinancy, or I'll close my hand—I'll close my hand."

So saying, he swept the pile of gold into a tin box and nodded.

"Is that all?" asked Job.

"Yes," said Mr. Murpoint, "and they'll find it quite enough."

Then, as Job was leaving the room, the schemer said:

"Any news from sea?"

"About Maester Leicester?" asked Job, looking at the ground with a sudden change of manner.

"Hush, no names," said Mr. Murpoint cautiously. "No, no news," replied Job. "He's dead by this time, p'raps."

"All the better," said Mr. Murpoint. "Dead or alive, he's safe."

"Aye," said Job, and, touching his forehead, he departed.

The captain leant back in his chair and gave himself up to thought.

"Leicester Dodson is dead, or buried alive. Violet's money is in my hands; the Earl and all his clan are in my power; I am master of thousands, some say millions; and the world calls me one of its greatest men. Who says that honesty is the best policy?"

And as he concluded with the momentous question, he laughed with the keenest enjoyment and insolence.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Oh, this too sudden warmth of fortune's sun
Doth fever our poor bloods and set our hearts
A-whirling.

Bertie was very happy that night as he sat in his solitary chambers and smoked his favorite pipe. All the weary, hopeless months gone by since first he had seen and loved sweet Ethel Boisdale seemed to have vanished like dark spirits before the joy of that night. He had told her that he loved, and had won the sweet confession from her lips that she loved him in return. How bright seemed the future to him—how full of hope and enjoyment! His dull, book-lined rooms assumed a new aspect under his happy eyes, and all at once appeared comfortable quarters, full of pleasant peace and quiet. But in the morning, after a night of happy, glorious dreams, came the stern reality. He started himself with unusual care, and surveyed himself in the glass. Would the Earl, proud Lord Lackland, accept him as a son-in-law? He dared not answer his own query, but whiled away the early hours by pacing to and fro, doing a little work, smoking at intervals, and thinking always.

As the clock struck eleven he took up his hat and started on his momentous business. While he was on his way to the Lackland mansion in Grosvenor square, the Earl himself was seated in the breakfast-room munching his toast and sipping his coffee. Lady Lackland was seated at the table. Fitz and Ethel were out in the Park at their morning gallop.

"Extraordinary thing," said Lady Lackland, in answer to a remark of the Earl's; "I cannot understand it. The man has done so much, made so much money, and obtained such wonderful power, that he makes one afraid. I always said he was clever—I could see it the first moment I saw him. Do you remember the conversation I had with him the day of the thunderstorm? It seemed almost as if he knew the codicil would be found. And he has actually consented to Fitz's engagement with Violet Mildmay. More, he has promised, in an indefinite, cautious sort of way, to advance the match. A wonderful man. I hope he will succeed; we want money—we must have it."

"We must," said the Earl. "It is a singular thing that we have not been ruined long before this. I feared that the bills would have been called in long ago, but I seem to have heard very little of them lately."

"Perhaps your creditors think that Fitz will marry well, and are waiting till you should get some money."

"Perhaps so," said the Earl coolly. "I wish Ethel was as well disposed of."

Lady Lackland sighed.

"Ethel is my great trouble," she said. "She is beautiful enough to make a really great match, but there is no doing anything with her—she is as cold as ice to all of them, and I am powerless."

The Earl frowned.

"And we placed our hope in her," he said. "What are daughters for, if they don't make good marriages? Why is it?"

"Why," repeated the Countess, "the foolish girl has a lurking fondness for Bertie Fairfax. I have seen it for a long time."

"He is famous now," said the Earl.

"Yes; but what good can he do us? We want money—money, and Ethel must marry for it. I believe all would have been right if that Leicester Dodson had not gone wrong."

The Earl sipped his coffee.

"All the world knows that he was to marry Violet Mildmay."

"All the world knows that there was something between them; but it does not follow that they should marry. I do not believe they ever would. I think Howard Murpoint had made up his mind to marry her to Fitz; and, if he did, I feel that I would rely rather on Howard Murpoint than all the rest of the world."

The Earl nodded.

"About Ethel," he said. "What are your plans? She is expensive, very. That pile of bills are hers—and yours."

"And who is to help it?" said Lady Lackland. "She must have diamonds, she must have dresses; besides, they are only bills."

"Which must be paid," said the Earl calmly, "unless I can push them off till I am in the coffin, and Fitz reigns in my stead.

"It's a cheerful prospect. I wish Ethel would marry well."

"Hem!" said the Earl, and he shifted in his chair to get more comfortable. "There is one little difficulty about Ethel which you seem to forget; perhaps you do not know it."

"What is that?" asked the Countess.

"That her private fortune has long since been swallowed up."

Lady Lackland looked grave.

"And if she marries, her husband will want it—at least, ask for it. If he should, where is it to come from?"

He put the question quite calmly, and Lady Lackland sighed.

"Nobody was ever so poor as we are ——"

"Or spent more money," said the Earl comfortably. "Ethel is a difficult question; a big marriage would bring questions, questions would bring awkward answers. I have spent her fortune, and I cannot replace it."

At that moment, while the Countess sat with a look of annoyance and distress, silent and dismayed, a servant entered with a card.

The Earl glanced at it, and handed it to the Countess.

"Bertie Fairfax!" she breathed.

"Show Mr. Fairfax into the library," said the Earl. Then, when the servant had withdrawn, he smiled over his cup quite calmly and unmoved.

"Bertie Fairfax," said the Countess with a frown. "What is to be done? Of course he comes to ask for Ethel."

"Not having seen him, I cannot say."

"What shall you say if he does?"

"It all depends," said the Earl, wiping his moustache. "I may have to order him to leave the house, or I may ——"

"Be careful!" said the Countess.

The Earl smiled coldly and left the room.

Bertie rose as the Earl entered.

"Good-morning, Mr. Fairfax," he said, fixing his cold, steely eyes on Bertie's face, and holding out a cold, impassive hand.

"Good-morning, my lord," said Bertie, who had determined to remain self-possessed and unembarrassed, whatever might be the issue of the interview, or however the question might go. "Good-morning. I am afraid I am rather early, but I have come on a matter in which impatience is permissible."

"Pray sit down," said the Earl, seating himself as he spoke in a hard, straight-backed chair, and looking as straight as the chair itself. "Nothing has happened, I hope."

"Nothing of harm, I hope," said Bertie gravely. "I have come, my lord, to ask you for the hand of Lady Boisdale."

The Earl raised his eyebrows, assuming a surprise which, of course, he did not feel.

"I am confident, my lord, that she would, being a noble, true-hearted woman, consent to change it for the latter, and grieve but a little."

"I am not so sure," said the Earl; "and I may conclude that the sum you mention is the whole—in fact, that you are not prepared to make any settlement?"

"All that I have shall be hers," said Bertie. "The richest man in England can do no more."

"No settlement!" said the Earl coldly. "Under the circumstances you would not therefore expect a fortune with her?"

Bertie crimsoned.

"You cordially forgets," he said with quiet dignity, "that I came to ask for your daughter, and not for your money."

The Earl showed no displeasure at the stern retort, but took it simply as an assent, and nodded.

"Mr. Fairfax, to be candid, as we have been all through, Lady Lackland and I have had higher hopes for Ethel, much higher. It is true that you are famous, and that you are well descended; the Fairfaxes run with ourselves, I think. It is usual—nay, it is the duty of a father to endeavor to place his daughter in a higher station than the one which she inherits from him. If I ignore that duty and consult her happiness, I trust I shall be pardoned if I make one suggestion."

"My lord, I am in your hands," said Bertie with simple dignity and earnestness.

"And that is that you will give me, both of you, a formal quittal of any fortune or estate that may be due to her. I simply suggest it as a fair and honorable thing. You may be aware, or you may not, that Lady Ethel has some small fortune of her own; under the circumstance I must make the condition that, should I give my consent, you will agree to let the money remain in the estate, vested, so to speak, in the family."

Bertie nodded.

"As I said before, my lord, I ask only for Ethel. What money she may have is at her own disposal. I don't wish to touch one penny of it, directly or indirectly."

"My dear Mr. Fairfax, do not let us continue this branch of our subject, then," said the Earl with a smile that was intended to be cordial, but was more like a stray sunbeam on an October morning. "I will confess that I merely put the question to test you, not that I doubted your honor, but—well, well, you are young, she is young, and I am obliged to guard both of you. But there, if you still feel confident that you can make her happy, and that you can take her for herself alone, my dear Fairfax, I give her to you, and with her my most hearty blessing."

Bertie gasped with astonishment. To him, knowing nothing of Ethel's fortune which the Earl had appropriated, his consent to Ethel's betrothal was simply nothing. He had expected to be repulsed, refused. The tears sprang to his eyes, his gentle nature was filled with gratitude.

"My lord," he said, grasping the cold hand, "I cannot thank you; thanks for such a gift were idle and vain. Only one who has waited for years, hoping against hope until the heart was sick, can tell what I feel now. My lord, if you will pardon me I will take my leave."

"Good-bye, my dear boy," said the Earl, "good-bye; you will find Ethel in the park. Heaven bless you!"

Bertie found himself outside—how he scarcely knew—bathed in delight and satisfaction. Where should he find Ethel? Every moment he was away from her now seemed an insane delay. Where—As he hurried to make his way to the park there came round the corner, smiling and serene as usual, Mr. Howard Murpoint. A short gentleman leaned upon his arm.

"Ah, Mr. Fairfax, how d'ye do?" said the captain with a sunny smile of friendly greeting. "What a delightful morning! Allow me to introduce my friend—Mr. William Smythe, Mr. Bertie Fairfax."

Bertie shook hands with the captain, and bowed slightly to his friend, then with a nod hurried on. He turned at the corner in time to see the captain and his friend standing on the door-steps of Lackland House; and as he saw, an indefinable and intangible shadow crept over him and chilled him. By some strange course of reasoning or feeling he had grown to connect the captain with every mishap of his life. What were he and his friend doing thus early at Lackland House?

TO BE CONTINUED.

Japanese Oddities.

The Japanese have an odd name for turkeys, signifying the "seven-colored face," from the changing hues of the gobbler's gills. In the same way their name for the crab, the animal that walks "several ways." Speaking of the curious names reminds me of what the coolies say about chestnuts and sweet potatoes. These poor fellows toiling for daily wages that would purchase the food of a child in our country, cheap food is the necessity of their lives. Hence it is that they feed largely upon sweet potatoes, the cheapest of all edibles in Japan. Chestnuts, which are known as "nine-mile nuts," while not excessively dear, are generally beyond the means of the coolies. But they delight to fancy that sweet potatoes are almost as good as chestnuts, as they accordingly dub the potato "eight-mile-and-a-half food," which makes it only half a mile short of the chestnut. A man who lives on chestnut can go nine Japanese miles (about twenty-two and one-half English miles) per day, while he who eats sweet potatoes can go eight and one-half (twenty-one and one-fourth English miles), hence the names. Notwithstanding what seems to us to be the weak and insufficient diet of the Japanese laboring men, their endurance and strength are truly wonderful. I have ridden sixty miles between sun and sun in a jinrickisha drawn by two coolies, and the day after that went about forty miles more with the same two men. At the end of the first day's journey they did not seem to be very fatigued. Immediately after stopping at a tea-house for the night they took a bath in water so hot that I could not have washed my hands in it, and, after comfortably parboiling themselves, got out, took a heavy meal of rice and dried fish, and then sat up almost all the night gambling and drinking saki. On the coldest days, and even when there is snow on the ground, you can see these fellows on the street with no clothing save a thin cotton shirt, a pair of pasteboard of the same material reaching to the knees, and straw sandals.

BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOE A. GULICK.

"How did you do in New York, McGuffin?"
Says Bolivar Flood, one night,
As they sat in the sitting-room talking—
"Hope you got on all right?"
"Oh, Cully, I made a *terrible hit*—
Opened with *Tosy, you see*:
But wait till you see THE CLIPPER,
See what it says of us;
Why, Cul., you talk of receptions—
I thought the house would fall—
I got sixteen rattling encores,
Thought they'd never let up at all;
John Poole came over to see me,
Said my act was *terrible* fine,
Offered seventy-five for the season
(But my salary's seventy-nine);
Bob Butler sent people to see me,
Offered me *anything* to go
And put in two weeks at the Globe;
But I hadn't the time, you know.
I had *lots* of engagements offered.
Robinson says, with precision:
'I'll give you a hundred and fifty
To walk up at the Parisian.'
Why, *you never see such business!*
When I used to do my act,
Thought the audience would go crazy—
I split 'em right up the back!
But wait till you see THE CLIPPER—
Comes out to-night, you see—
Just find the 'City Summary,'
And see what it says of me."

"Glad to hear of your hit, McGuffin,"
Says Bolivar. "I'll bet wealth
If I go East next season
I'll make a big hit myself.
Here comes Panns—of Panns and Kettles,
Song-and-dance men—don't you know?
Well, let me introduce you
Before we block up for the show.
Mr. Panns, this is Mr. McGuffin,
Just come back to the West;
Been East, been playing for Tony,
But he likes it out here the best.
He made a big hit on Broadway—
Could have stayed there for a year;
But prefers it to-night in THE CLIPPER."
"CLIPPER? I've got it here,"
Says Panns, and from his pocket
He produces a paper new.
Says McGuffin: "Read the notice
While I black up and tie my shoe."
Panns finds the "City Summary"—
Reads: "A very large business was done
Last week at Tony Pastor's,
The show was Number One.
Tony's songs were fresh and lively,
Gus Williams' gags all new;
Girard and Worley and others
Appeared in new sketches, too;
But there was one McGuffin—
Don't know how he ever got on—
Somebody must have engaged him
For fun while Tony was gone.
The people threw bunches at him,
And somebody threw a clam,
And all the kids in the gallery
Said: 'Oh, what a horrible ham!'
He pipes a song—one only—
No more was he seen about,
For they loaded him up in a cannon,
And the manager fired him out!"

By Jove, I guess, McGuffin,
You made a hit (in your eye).
"Well, not in Race," I could have caught 'em,
But I didn't care to try.
For I didn't like Tony Pastor's,
The Olympic or Globe so meek,
So I thought I'd come back to Oshkosh
For six-and-a-half a week!"

EVA RIVERS,

Or the True and the False.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MARION SACKETT.

A man's and a woman's voice awoke me from the day-dream I had been indulging in, as I lay stretched at full length on the huge rocks that overhung the water at ——. I raised my head and looked down. Yes; there they were, the lady and the gentleman who had interested me so deeply. What should I do? Lie still and listen to their conversation? No; that would not be honorable. Go down and face them?—would they think I had been playing the spy? I was in a quandary what to do, when a sharp cry came from the lady, and these words spoken beseechingly: "Let go my hand, George—you hold me. I am determined to wed and I said: "I will wait—she may need my assistance."

The man at her side stuck his cane angrily in the sands as he replied:

"Hurt you! Curse you, woman, have you not ruined me in every way? But for you my father would not have discarded me. But for you I should have married the woman I love; and now here I am, fastened for life to you, whom I *hate*. Curse you, curse you!"

His wife stood silent a moment, then said faintly:

"George, you cannot mean that! Oh, listen to me," and she laid her hand on his arm; but he shook it off coldly. "Oh, listen! and she said again. "You found me an innocent country-girl—poor even to starvation, it is true, but pure as your own sister. When my mother died, leaving me alone in the world, you promised to be a friend to me. Oh, George! her last words were given to you—do you not hear them now? 'God bless you!' she said, 'be a friend to my poor child.' And you dealt with her, may He reward you.' I know now why you brought us bread, why you smoothed my mother's dying pillow; but I did not then—and I loved and respected you. Oh, God! I was so young—I loved you so."

She was silent once more, but I saw her wipe the tears from her eyes; then she spoke again:

"Was I to blame that your father found out the shameful story, and that after making you believe that by your marrying me he would forgive you, when you had made me your wife he took his revenge by discarding you? Have I not tried in every way since I became your wife to be a true one to you? Your husband! you loved me once—am I so different now? Is the woman you wish to wed fairer than I?" and she turned her beautiful dark face up to his and smiled sadly.

"No," he answered. "It was your beauty that ruined me, and I hate it."

She wrung her hands:

"And you will never care for me again—never speak kindly to me? Then would to Heaven I could die here at your feet!"

"No fear of that," he answered brutishly, and turned to leave her.

She caught hold of his arm, crying wildly:

"Let your hand, then, be the one to still the beating of my miserable heart, for I will not live longer!"

She threw herself on her knees as she spoke, and hid her white face in her hands. I saw his arm go up as if to strike her, and I sprang to my feet, for the first blow would have been the last he would ever have given anyone. An instant later he let it fall to his side, and, saying roughly, "Come, let us go back to the house," strode on and left her alone.

Slowly she arose from her knees, and stood silent and motionless close by the water. What was she thinking of? I saw her smile as the great, hungry-looking waves broke over her feet—a smile that was full of strange meaning.

I was glad when she turned her steps towards the hotel. What a pitiful story I had unwillingly listened to, and what would be the end? I asked myself, as I followed slowly after them. She was alone in the world—no one to whom she could turn for help or sympathy, and therefore in the power of this man who hated her—a villain, I was sure, in spite of his handsome face and gentlemanly appearance.

I felt my man's heart—hardened, as it were, by thirty years' wear in a selfish world—grow wonderfully tender towards the' desolate young stranger, and I made up my mind then and there that, so long as we remained together on board, I'd keep my eyes upon him whom the law had made her *master*.

The sound of the gong made me hurry on, and I entered the dining-room with an appetite made keen by the fresh sea-breeze. As I took my seat, I glanced across the table to where Rivers and his wife (for so my strangers were named) had theirs. I was somewhat disappointed when I saw that the lady was not present. I looked closely at her husband. He was a thick-set, fair-haired man, with blue eyes that had a cold, hard glitter; a mouth that disclosed, every time he smiled, a set of firm white teeth, but when closed looked sensual and cruel; a man many would call handsome, but few would trust. I had only arrived at the hotel a few hours before, and knew nothing of him, but the first time I met his eyes I had said: "There is a man who would make a bitter enemy;" and when I learned that the beautiful girl I saw in his company was his wife, I felt pained for her that she was not happy, and I knew that he was the cause.

There were but few guests staying at the hotel. The place was too quiet for those who sought excitement, and too far distant from the principal cities to ever become fashionable. But among the few was a dashing young widow, who created quite a sensation among the other guests. She was a tall, golded-haired woman, with blue eyes and a voluptuous form, which she robed with exquisite taste. She somewhat scandalized the other ladies by her loud laughter, and by the way she rolled her fine eyes at the gentlemen; but as she seemed to be a personal friend of the landlord and his wife, they dared not give vent to their feelings except in black looks and remarks spoken in whispers, which the fair widow did not appear in the least to mind, but showed her white teeth the oftener and flirted the harder with each newcomer.

Upon my arrival I had the honor of an introduction, and straightway became the recipient of a great many bewildering glances, which somehow did not take root in my far from susceptible heart.

Mrs. Rutherford occupied at the table the chair on the right hand of Mr. Rivers. I was sure they were old friends, as I noticed how familiarly they addressed each other. She laughed, and showed her white teeth to their fullest extent, while Rivers looked with bold admiration upon her. I saw the ladies whispering among themselves, and I was glad that the unhappy young wife was not present to see her husband bestowing his attention on the unscrupulous woman at his side.

Later in the evening, as I was returning from a stroll upon the beach, I met them walking slowly along, her hand resting upon his arm. As I passed she spoke my name. I paused, and she left her companion, and, coming up to me, said:

"Ah, Mr. Denton, I was just looking for you. Really, you are the hardest-hearted man."

Then, upon my asking "Why?" she went on:

"Oh, because you never come near me, when you must know that among all the gentlemen I would much prefer your society."

"Really, madam," I answered, "I am very grateful."

She pouted:

"You do not look one bit that way, and after all I have said."

"Appearances are often deceitful, madam; but, as I have an engagement, I shall have to bid you adieu."

"You are a cruel wretch," she answered quickly. "Would you leave me to go my way alone to the hotel?"

"Certainly not, but I thought you had company," and I pointed down the shore, where Rivers' figure could be seen dimly through the fast-gathering darkness.

"Oh, I only came with him that I might meet you," she returned unblushingly.

"If that is the case, let us hurry on," and, without appearing to notice my rudeness, she took my arm, and in silence, at least on my part, we arrived at the house. At the steps she asked:

"Will you come into the parlor? Do you not like music?"

I told her I was passionately fond of music, but that I had an engagement. Then, feeling stiffly, I walked away. I used not say that my engagement was only an excuse to get away from the lady.

After playing a game or two at billiards, I started for my room. As I stood before my door, one on the opposite side of the hall opened and Mrs. Rivers came out. She was dressed in white, but had a heavy shawl thrown around her. She paused may, bowing slightly, and went down the broad stairway. Where was she going alone at that time?—for my watch pointed to ten. The story I had listened to that morning came back fresh to my memory. Where was her husband? The night was far from pleasant. The wind blew hard, and there was no moon. Poor young thing! I would follow her and see she came to no harm. I ran quickly down, but could see nothing of her. The balcony reached all around the house, the parlors lying in front, the reading-room and billiard-room on the side. As I passed, I looked within each apartment. In the billiard-room I saw Rivers playing with a party of gentlemen. So he was not with his wife. I hurried to the beach. Soon I saw Mrs. Rivers.

"She is safe," I said to myself. I hardly know what I expected, but I feared for her. Would that I dared to address here! Even as I thought, a dark thing fluttered to my feet. I stooped and picked it up. It was a lady's veil. Ah! there was my chance. I went up to her.

"Madam—Mrs. Rivers." She started. "Be not alarmed," I said. "It is I—Mr. Denton. You must pardon me for addressing you, but—I thought perhaps this veil belonged to you."

I held it towards her.

"No," she answered, and I noticed how sad and weary her voice sounded, "it is not mine."

I hesitated, longing to speak again, and yet not daring. Of her own accord she opened the conversation, and it seemed to me she was glad to get away from her own sad thoughts.

"There is going to be a hard storm," she said, and then, as she clasped her hands tightly together: "Just listen!"

I did as she bade me. Across the water came a low, hoarse muttering. The tide was rising, and the waves broke angrily in the distance upon the shore. The sky had grown inky black.

"Yes," I replied; "there is going to be a fearful storm. Had you not better return to the hotel?"

"Oh, not just yet; for I love the sea as it now is," she half whispered, and then I heard her say softly to herself: "Yes, I love you; for you can give me what I sigh for—rest."

For a few moments we stood in silence, save for the seething and hissing of the waters, when suddenly there came a roll of thunder, so heavy it seemed as though the heavens were about to part; then a quick flash of lightning that lit up the glorious face beside me, showing me for an instant her large, black eyes glowing and burning with a fierce fire—her perfect lips parted in a smile that thrilled me with a feeling I cannot describe. Then all was dark again.

"Come," I said gently. "Let me take you to the house."

"Yes, I will go now;" and she said frankly and childishly, "I will take your arm, for it is fearfully dark."

And so we went back. Not an instant too soon, for, as we stepped upon the balcony, the rain came down in torrents. As we went around to the front doors, I glanced into the billiard-room. Rivers was not there. Again, as we passed the parlors, I looked within, and this is what we saw, for Mrs. Rivers' glances followed mine. The still, secluded spot, save for two, a man and a woman—the woman Mrs. Rutherford, the man the husband of the lady at my side. She was seated at the piano singing, while he, standing close beside her, looked down into the eyes that were bold

THE AMERICAN GIANT:
His Career in New York.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY A. GOTHAMITE.

[Dr. Julian Chabert, mentioned in this sketch, was a "star" attraction at the leading theatres of the East nearly forty years ago. Subsequently he for many years kept a drug-store in Grand street, this city, and he died here Aug. 28, 1860, aged 67. P. T. Barnum, at the period spoken of, was connected with Aaron Turner's traveling circus. Prof. Richard Risley Carlisle died in Philadelphia May 20, 1874; John C. Risley, one of the boys, died there Jan. 6, 1875; the other, Harry, is still living there. William Fuller the gymnast died in Brooklyn about seven years ago. Charles Freeman was taken to England by Ben Caunt, arriving there March 16, 1842; Dec. 14 following he fought seventy rounds with William Perry (the Tipton Slasher), when the police interfered; they encountered the same interference again on Dec. 16; and on Dec. 20, after thirty-eight rounds, Freeman was declared victor, the Slasher failing without a blow. Freeman stood 6ft. 10½in., and weighed 282lb. The rest is told by the inscription on the imposing tombstone erected in 1850 in the churchyard at Wimbledon: "Here rests the body of Charles Freeman, the American Giant, who departed this life after a long illness, in this town, Oct. 27, 1845, aged 29 years. This monument is erected to his memory by his fellow-countryman J. C. Heenan." With the careers of the others mentioned in the sketch, and nearly all of whom are dead, the bulk of our readers are more or less familiar.—Ed. CLIPPER.]

Charley Freeman, known in England as the American Giant, and there identified as one of the heroes of the prize-ring on account of his tremendously appreciated battle with the Tipton Slasher, was probably one of the finest specimens of humanity known to this living age. In height his stature attained within a trifle of seven feet, and, moreover, he was symmetrically proportioned, presenting a model of Hercules divested of unnatural elaboration, while his countenance was emphatically child-like and bland.

The ancestry and place of nativity of Freeman have ever been subjects of discussion; but he was undoubtedly born in the then Far West, of some hardy pioneer family, as he was first heard of in the State of Michigan, when engaged in arduous labors amid the forest lands of that sparsely populated country. Subsequently to a frontier life, during the course of which he overawed his companions, and particularly the Indians, by playful exhibitions of his immense strength, he appears to have engaged as a deck-hand on a Mississippi steamer, handling cases and boxes with an ease astounding to the Western raftsmen. Noted for his good temper, it is said by those knowing him in his youth that he was never willing to engage in a quarrel, not even when intentionally annoyed. He conducted himself as if unconscious of his physical supremacy, and sought to avoid infliction of injury from purely conscientious motives.

Freeman was reported once to have been induced by some waggish passengers to shoulder a heavy anchor, and, carrying it into a bar-room, to deposit it upon the counter, while the party indulged in a bottle of wine. This portion of the feat accomplished, Freeman was on the point of retiring and of leaving the burden behind him, when the consternation of the saloon-keeper was so evident at this unexpected addition to his furniture, that the giant laughingly promised, for a drink, to take the unwieldy mass of iron under his arm and to carry it down to the shore, a distance of about a quarter of a mile. The saloon-man not only complied with his demand, but evidenced his confidence in his ability to accomplish so wonderful a feat by offering a wager in his favor, which was accepted by a sporting gentleman chancing to be present and conceiving the handling of the weight to be a mere trick. Nevertheless, the deed was accomplished in the presence of a wondering crowd, accompanying Freeman to his destination, to which he walked at a lively gait, and with apparent ease. He was then in his seventeenth year, and his entire strength, as yet undeveloped, and this casual exhibition of muscle, so naturally displayed, opened for him a new way of life.

Giants are by no means scarce articles of trade, and every metropolitan museum and a majority of traveling shows were enabled to have one for exhibition. Still these were chiefly overgrown, lazy, effete specimens of prolonged humanity, or ponderous masses of flabby flesh. To discover a veritable Samson, or a living individual resembling in athletic proportions, and something in shape like unto, the classical Hercules, one capable of performing feats of strength in any manner similar to those accredited to the Grecian demi-god, would prove a mine of wealth to a speculative showman. Porter the Kentucky Giant, probably the tallest known American giant in existence, had made the fortune of more than one strolling manager; still, either upon the stage or within a circus-ring, his appearance was as ludicrous as it was superficial. Then, despite his astonishing altitude, he was as awkward as a giraffe and as useless as the fifth wheel to a coach is popularly supposed to be. As Freeman was a veritable giant, in possession of corresponding strength, he very shortly found himself overwhelmed with offers for engagements from circus-managers and novelty-inventors.

About that period there had appeared, first in the sawdust ring, and afterwards on the stage of second-class theatres, a German claiming to be of superhuman strength, performing various feats surpassing ordinary accomplishment. Under the professional name of Herr Muller, this man, although above the average height of mankind—rather chunky than finely shaped, with a boyish face, devoid of beard or whiskers—upon the boards of the Bowery and old Chatham wrought miracles, apparently due to exercise of simple muscle, but in reality the result of an ingenious application of natural physics to the development of personal training. His performances for a time excited as much wonderment as had accompanied the exhibitions of Dr. Chabert the Fire King, who swallowed moulten lead, handled red-hot iron, and, according to his own statement, contained within its superheated bowels long enough to cook a raw beefsteak, which he, upon his reappearance before the audience, devoured with intense gusto, washing down the savory morsels with copious draughts of aqua-fortis and other corrosive liquids.

There are many now living remembering the extraordinary sensation attending the Fire King's comparatively few performances, given at Minerva Hall, in Broadway; for Dr. Chabert was a shrewd professor of the black art, levying a high tax upon popular credulity, and, although challenging minute inspection, took care to execute his wonders in his own way, and to insist upon his own time in their execution. His performance was a purely chemical one, very brief, and at its close he remained for hours invisible to curious inquirers, who were never able to discover the antidotes by him employed to counteract the natural effects of the various destructive agents to which he undoubtedly subjected his system, although the theory of his exhibition was detected.

The Fire King had disconcerted all the scientists of London before coming to this country; but in New York the method of his miracle-working was unmasked within an incredibly short space of time, although no other person possessed hardihood to rival him in a comparative [illegible] of his physical system. A thorough chemist and well-read man, Dr. Chabert revived the tricks of the alchemists of the Middle Ages, and through instantaneous use of counteragents rendered nugatory the ordinary effects of heat, of corrosive mixtures, and of other destructive agents. After continuing in public estimation, the Fire King discarded his oven, and when, after resuming the medical profession in an unostentatious manner, the visitation of cholera spread terror in our midst, he produced a specific against the dreaded epidemic, with which, after the manner of his prototype, Cagliostro, he rescued many afflicted from the jaws of death without fee or reward. Nevertheless, philantrophy had its recompense, inasmuch as the Fire King dwelt among us many years in peaceful semiobscurity, and died in ripeness of age.

Herr Muller was quite as ephemeral a novelty, for, although many successfully essayed to imitate his astonishing feats, the secret of their performance became popularly known to physical students. There was no deception in anything he did—only in the manner he employed to do it. He lifted weights, fair, square, honest tons; he tossed cannon-balls into the air and caught them in their descent; he held a genuine field-piece on his shoulder while being discharged; and he sustained a ponderous anvil on his breast, upon which lusty blacksmiths beat in chorus. These were performances of which competent men had shown themselves to be competent; but there was one solitary act of strength upon which depended Muller's overtowering reputation, and whence he reaped a golden harvest. Stretching himself longitudinally upon a stout ladder, face downward, his feet resting upon the upper round and grasping the hands lightly grasping another, the Herr defied the united efforts of two, four, and at times six horses, the most powerful to be found, to draw him from his position, or to cause him to loosen his hold. The teams were attached to a rope, passing through a ring, placed in the middle of the last round of the ladder, the rope being in turn made fast to two broad leathern straps passing over the gymnast's shoulders, which consequently bore the entire strain of the drawing cord. Failing to effect a dislodgment, ever the case unless some portion of the ladder gave way, the horses were detached, whereupon the performer, after a short pause, made the rope secure to an upright post, and proceeded to snap it in twain, seemingly with no very extraordinary exertion.

Unfortunately for Herr Muller's reputation, an inquisitive engineer made known, with explanatory diagrams, the secret of this gymnastic marvel, which could be accomplished by any man of ordinary strength gifted with tact and nerve, inasmuch as the resistance came from the ladder, and not from the man, who merely required to keep his frame rigid on a straight line. Moreover, the rope was broken by a sudden jerk, while the horses pulled steadily. Again it was shown that the German, being a thoroughly trained gymnast on scientific principles, which is rarely the case with professional performers, was aware of the full power of his muscles, and used them in combination, as emergency required. The secret once out, the great feat was in possession of rivals, and hence Herr Muller disappeared from stage and ring to turn up as the popular Charley Krack, a dispenser of snuffes, jokes and lager for a number of years at the Williamsburg Gardens, until that suburban resort was swept away by the march of Brooklyn improvement.

With a view of accomplishing these Mullerian performances, which were vulgarly believed to depend entirely upon excessive physical strength, Charley Freeman was induced to enter the sawdust arena as an apprentice to the equestrian art in all its branches. Who was his tempter is unknown; but the honor has been assigned to Professor Risley, at that time a posture-master, who tossed a couple of boys into the air and caught them upon his feet, head and arms, in a diverting manner for a moderate recompense, but with whom he subsequently traveled abroad, performing before crowned heads and realizing a handsome fortune, squandered in various enterprises upon which Dame Fortune frowned unrelentingly, until finally he died not long ago, the sport of circumstances. At all events, it was as an atom of the Professor's company that Freeman appeared in this city as an equestrian, and even then after obtaining passing notoriety as the giant-borer and promised champion of the world. This event occurred at the Arcadian Circus, temporarily located for a Winter season in Bleecker street, near the corner of Jones, in the very heart of the Ninth Ward—a locality not given to admiration of horse-flesh or of pugilism. To be sure, the Arcadian was at the best a traveling show, with its pitched tent, asthmatic brass band, rheumatic clown and ordinary collection of second-rate riders and of time-honored acrobats. The feature must assuredly have been the Professor and his gigantic friend; for in all other departments the show was wretchedly commonplace, and patronized accordingly, save when Freeman appeared. The Arcadian enjoyed, but a passing popularity, and it may be honestly said that the giant was its salvation, particularly as the establishment enjoyed the services of the illustrious Barnum as editor of the showbills and advertisements, and he was unlikely to suffer any of the great features of the promised world's champion to pass unnoticed. As a giant everybody admitted that our representative was "immense" in fact, a more symmetrical and robust specimen of manliness could not be imagined when he entered the ring in the full glory of flesh-colored tights and spangles. Had he been engaged, as had been Deaf Burke, and more recently Jim Mace, to flourish as a *pose plastique* in some classical entertainment, he would have been looked upon as a prodigy, especially in Europe, where models on the gigantic scale are in demand, and Freeman was at once massive, herculean and agile. He was announced in a two-horse act, and when he vaulted clean from the ground at a single bound on to the broad, padded saddles of the quivering horses, the audience was lost in amazement that such flexibility could be manifested by an absolute mountain of flesh, for such in reality he was. At this point admiration of his equestrianism ceased, for he rode slowly, cautiously and mechanically, standing ever perpendicular to the animals, whom the vigilant ringmaster did not allow to indulge in aught save a dog-trot until, after a few circular promenades, they came to a gradual halt to allow the colossal rider to descend to earth while indulging in a surprising somersault. Those engaging the Giant as a circus prodigy had calculated without their host, for, beyond his two-horse act and the turning of a flip-flap, he would appear to have mastered none of the cardinal rudiments of his art. The astounding displays of strength anticipated of him were not forthcoming, as he had failed to undergo that preliminary gymnastic training, giving direction to muscular power, which constitutes the secret of accomplishing actual marvels through the exercise of ordinary strength. Hence a man was consequently an elephant upon the hands of his tutors, until a popular excitement casually presented means for taking him off their hands in a paying manner.

Pugilism had fallen from a very well-patronized pastime almost into general oblivion, when the arrival of Ben Caunt, champion of England, reawakened general interest in the manly art. The publication of the details of his fight, coupled with numerous eulogistic remarks in allusion to his personal appearance and bravery, and a popular belief that the nobility and gentry of Great Britain continued steadfast admirers of the prize-ring, created an excitement among the masses, fanned by the laudations of old-time pugilists by people who had seen them in their prime. It was true that the then annals of American boxing boasted of comparatively few encounters, still those of the fancy dwelling among us were men of note, although discarding their profession, while the entire generation of Young America appeared desirous of recognition of their own pugilistic abilities, not only as amateurs, but as actual fighting-men. Abe Vandezee, Country McCloskey, Bill Harrington, Tom Hyer, and other American-born votaries of the manly art had, although following their legitimate business, at times appeared in the ring, not so much for gain as for a matter of personal distinction. Consequently, at that particular epoch in New York morality, when muscle assuredly reigned triumphant as the code of honor among young men of the ordinary classes, these pugilists gained in influence through public demonstrations of their pluck, and naturally became leaders among various circles of admirers.

Abuse of this confidence and an indiscriminate indulgence in personal quarrels, extending from individuals to their adherents, gradually engendered first a dislike for, and subsequently an antipathy against, pugilism as a public practice. The present New Yorker, dwelling under protection of a disciplined police, can form but a slight idea of the absolute dependence a young man about town was forced to place upon the means of defense nature had given him in those days of disorder, when the city seemed to be governed, as to public peace, by clans, companies and clubs, while a perpetual resort to violence was had upon the most trivial pretexts. Scarcely a night passed without occurrence of sanguinary tavern-fights, of prolonged firemen's battles, of political affrays, and of brawls of every possible description. Still, during this season of almost continuous and general disturbance, deliberate murder was of exceptionally rare occurrence, and homicide generally the result of accident, inasmuch as the promoters of these innumerable feuds, as well as their adherents, relied upon their "bunches of fives" as weapons of offense and defense

It was to the surviving men of this class, regretting the decadence of the manly art, that the visit of Ben Caunt to America proved especially agreeable. He came not to seek fresh honors in the transatlantic ring, but in a manner simply acknowledged as one of his profession beyond the water. He made his appearance in full pugilistic costume upon the Bowery stage, begirt with the champion belt, in a solitary scene, set with scenery painted expressly to represent to nature the arena wherein he had gained his victory, and the landscape surrounding it. No more appropriate theatre could have been selected for the advent of so particular a novelty, and the "Bhoys of the Bowery," mindful of their pugilistic traditions, poured in dense masses to their favorite dramatic temple to welcome the distinguished Briton. As an exhibition Caunt could be called a success financially, but as a champion prize-fighter he was soon recognized as an overrated individual. Expecting to find no skilled professional pugilists in this country, he was disagreeably disappointed, for in science the veteran George Owens, the whilom Tipperary lad, and others of the "John Bull" school of fighters, long, retired from the professional ring, excelled him, while in the matter of size and personal appearance he could in no wise compare with Tom Hyer, Matt Gooderson, Jim Jerolamen, and other natives venturing to put on the gloves with the vaunted hero of England's ring.

The visit of Caunt having succeeded in reviving the dormant spirit of pugilism, which was confined to no one class of society in this metropolis, national pride naturally suggested the production of some American champion more gigantic, more muscular, more dexterous in the manly art than the representative of Britain. Hereupon existed Freeman's opportunity, or that of those bearing him as a burden on their shoulders, as it was too precious to be lost, and hence the preliminaries for introducing the American giant into the fistic fraternity were as ingeniously contrived as if they had emanated from the fertile brain of the Prince of Showmen, to whom was accorded privately the honor.

The substratum of New York society, perfectly enfrenzied during the progress of the pugilistic revival, could have supplied half a dozen representatives willing to meet the imported champion within the roped arena, had not that gentleman, or his manager, declared his mission to this country as a fighting man to have been one solely of peace. As a general thing, this class of citizens were either poor or indisposed to pay a liberal price for a glimpse at the "coming man," and consequently Freeman's friends cast their nets in totally different waters, as they wanted an exhibition which would pay as well, if not better, than Caunt's.

Thanks to the endeavors of William Fuller, once contestant in the English ring with the celebrated New York black, Molyneaux—who upon his arrival in this country judiciously abandoned his trade of fighting to become a gymnast, to perceptible old-time youth"—our gentlemen's sons had not only become imbued with a predilection for the manly art, but under Fuller's tuition had mastered the science so thoroughly that upon attaining maturity these "yellow-kid gentry" hesitated not to measure their strength with the roughs of the town. Fuller, although ever manifesting a sincere pride in boxiana, evidently his ruling passion, was not unmindful of the successful aspirations of Jackson and of Gully; and if it were beyond his lot to be honored with the friendship of the Prince Regent, or to attain a seat in the British Parliament, he desired and secured the good esteem of the junior landed gentry of this metropolis, and a social position among his neighbors, with adequate means to sustain it. The veteran, true to his first love, always inculcated to his pupils the necessity for regarding a use of the digits as the crowning point of pugilistic gymnastics—in fact, in accordance with the social maxims of his youthful days, he conceived it to be distinctive of a gentleman.

Various paragraphs having intimated the approaching appearance of an Admirable Crichton to astonish the pugilistic world, and as Freeman was supremely ignorant of the boxing art, it became necessary to procure for him an instructor who could teach him, and bring to his aid the necessary influence of gentlemen-amateurs and their financial patronage. The veteran Fuller having virtually retired from active life, recourse was had to his indefatigable successor—Hudson, a splendid specimen of manhood, as skilled in his art as he was gentlemanly in appearance; and Charley Ottignon, a robust young man, regarded as the best sparrer of his day, at whose gymnasium were wont to congregate the undergraduates of Columbia College, and the most reputable youth of the town. It was likewise the headquarters of amateur sparring clubs, limited to a select circle of moneyed men. Hudson peremptorily declined the job, fearing that an unlucky blow from the sportive giant's fist might forever destroy the harmony of his truly handsome countenance; but Ottignon, not so much of an Adonis, and accustomed to hard knocks, undertook the intelage of Goliah, and taught him a trick or two to bestow upon him a passable appearance when making his bow before a critical public.

The much-be-praised Giant made his debut before an audience drawn from the sporting gentry of this city, at a somewhat eccentric exhibition in the ballroom of Washington Hall. Old New Yorkers wondered at the desecration of this aristocratic assembly-room, honored by the votaries of fashion to the exclusion of parvenus. Still, to secure this hall was a main point in a business programme. Admission tickets sold at high prices, and, unfortunately, this very precaution of introducing Freeman to a crowded but select audience proved the basis of his future ruin. Being a congregation of gentlemen, several amateurs of note consented to handle the gloves with grace and skill; consequently, when the star of the evening came to the scratch, it became painfully evident that our modern Samson could never flourish in the prize-ring, despite Ottignon's desperate endeavors to cloak his pupil's deficiencies. The spectators admired him as a giant, and nothing more. This solitary performance closed Freeman's American career. He was taken to England, at the suggestion of Caunt, in expectation of attracting crowds at traveling exhibitions; but forced into the ring as a pure financial speculation, he descended step by step towards penury and want, until, wasted by disease, his herculean frame succumbed to a premature death.

OUR ENGRAVING.

Samuel Lazar, manager of the Theatre Royal, Sydney, N. S. W., and the Theatre Royal, Adelaide, S. A., was born in Sydney in 1838. His father, John Lazar, was in former days intimately identified with the drama as manager of the Victoria Theatre, and produced opera for the first time in the colony with the Howsons, Madame Bushelle (sister to Vincent Wallace, the composer), and many other well-known and talented singers. The subject of our illustration made an early acquaintance with the stage, having starred as Tom Thumb and Bombastes Furioso when only six years of age, and at thirteen he played Richard III. in the original five-act tragedy. He never, however, adopted the stage as a profession; for though he has often appeared on the boards for charitable benefits, he has no claim to the title of actor in its professional sense. Upon leaving school, Mr. Lazar entered upon active business pursuits, and, when a very young man indeed, acted for years as office manager for the eminent firm of Bennett—afterwards Bagott & Bennett, cattle salesmen and station-agents, of Adelaide. His name, however, will always be better remembered there as the builder (with Messrs. Wendt & Segar) of the first theatre of any pretensions in that city. For thus finding Thespis a suitable home, the people of Adelaide are much indebted to Mr. Lazar. He since rebuilt the Prince of Wales' Theatre in Sydney, which he has rechristened the Theatre Royal. James Allinson, Mr. Lazar's business agent, is now in this city securing star and stock attractions for his two theatres.

THE MAN who carries on his business without advertising is like the youth who winked at a pretty girl in the dark—he may know what's going on, but nobody else does.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.
Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

RATHER FISHY.
BY GNIMMUC.

BONES.—Mr. Jonsing, did you know dat Tam was got de consumpshun?

INT.—The consumption! Nonsense.

BONES.—Yes, sir. He hab got de consumpshun ob wittals. You ought to see him pitch into 'em—make 'em look awful sick.

TAMBO.—I was jes gettin akeered; didn't know what you was given us, and t'ought I'd better be taking some *cod-liver oil*.

BONES.—Oh, dat's *oil* right, Tam; I was given you dat; but I'd akeer you jes as *hiers* not, though I didn't want you to think it *official*.

TAMBO.—*Deliver* us from such a *fishy* joke as dat is; you better subject your next to *refishun* before you *oil* us down.

BONES.—Yes, I specs so; but, Mr. Jonsing, he can *eat awful*. He goes right true de bill of fare. First, dars de *soup*. It would take de *superlative* degree of comparison to fully express the *superabundant supply* he takes. I see you are looking *supercilious;* but really he takes as much as a *super*, or a supercargo, or a

INT.—Stop, sir; we would all get *super*annuated if you kept on at that rate; *suppose* you quit right here.

BONES.—Dat's so; but did you ever see Tam eat pork and *beans? Bean's* it's you, I'll spare your feelings about the *bene*volent way he disposes of this *benefishal* compound.

INT.—There, there; we've had sufficient. Signor Ratasfini will now warble

A Soul Out on the Gale.
IN MEMORIAM OF WILLIAM WILKEY. ("OUR BILL!").
BY T. W. HANSHEW.

Fair Cynthia was flinging
Her beams of amber light,
And white-robed angels singing
Their songs of calm delight,
As, by my casement kneeling,
I heard a long, low wail,
And knew from earth was stealing
A soul out on the gale.
Chorus.—Away, away from earth 'tis torn,
Far past the moonbeams pale—
On angel wings of light was borne
A soul out on the pale.

The silver beams of morning
Lit up the east and west,
But long before the dawning
A soul had flown to rest;
And oft alone, at midnight drear,
I hear that awful wail,
And know from earth some loved one dear
Has flown out on the gale.
Chorus.—Away, away from earth, etc.

Brooklyn, L. I.

FRANK RIVERS' MELODEON, New York, in 1859.

Of the performers who appeared in the bill of which the appended is a copy, J. W. Andrews is now before the public as J. W. McAndrews; Miss Ione Burke, then a mere child, now occupies a prominent position upon the dramatic stage, and is engaged in this city; Juliette, also a child, is Anna Murray—she married some years ago, and is living in retirement in St. Louis, Mo.; Master Dave Williams is now a well-known banjo-player in the West; Agnes Hampton is living in retirement in the West; E. H. Harding, the beneficiary, is keeping a musicstore in this city; Mr. Leslie is Harry Leslie, the "Hero of Niagara," now performing at the Third-avenue Theatre, in this city; Young America was Master Germaine; Augusta Walby and Mary Partington are still before the public; Miss Eva Brent (Mrs. J. W. Allinson) is in retirement; Rody Maguire died in this city March 5, 1870; Miss H. O. Lalande is now Mrs. Adams, and is residing in this city in retirement. Bill contributed by Mr. Wm. S. Cooper of Brooklyn, L. I.

MELODEON,
539 Broadway, Chinese Buildings.
CHEAPEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE WORLD.
NEW ATTRACTIONS EVERY NIGHT.
MODEL CONCERT HALL OF AMERICA.
THE BENEFIT OF MR. E. H. HARDING will take place at the Melodeon on
FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 1, 1859,
on which occasion he will be assisted by the entire company, beside a host of volunteers of talent.
PART I.

Overture—Siege of Corinth—Rossini.....Orchestra
Kronung's March—Strauss.....Orchestra
Dance—Pas de Quatre.....J. W. Andrews
Song—I would not Die in Springtime.....Miss Ione Burke
Dance—Double Highland Fling,
Misses Jennie Partington and Juliette
Banjo-solo and Song.....Mast. Dave Williams
Song—Viva l'America.....C. Swain
Dance—Rory O'Moore.....Miss Agnes Hampton
Song—I'd Be a Gipsy.....E. H. Harding
Bone-solo (kindly volunteered).....Mr. David Lease
Double Lilt (Irish)...Misses Jennie Partington and Juliette
Comic Dance—Our African Folk,
Messrs. Howard and Leslie
Song—Then You'll Remember Me.....G. R. Grahame
Dance—Pas de Nation.....Miss Ione Burke
Song—Marseillaise Hymn.....Swain and Harding
Dance—Grand Fancy Medley.....Miss Sophia Walton
Song—Marseillaise Hymn.....Young America
Dance—Zingarella.....Miss A. L. Walby
Comic Song-and-dance—Bob Ridley.....J. W. Andrews
Dance—Galina (Spanish).....Miss Mary Partington
Song—The Last Rose of Summer.....Miss Eva Brent
Comic Act Song-and-dance—Around the Horn,
Mast. Howard
Song—Nelly Gray.....Young America
Beautiful Tableau, Dance, etc., from the opera entitled "La Bayadere".....Misses Mary and Jennie Partington, A. L. Walby, Juliette and Ione Burke

PART II.

Selections from Popular Airs—Bryant's Minstrels,
Orchestra
Banjo-solo and Song.....Mast. Dave Williams
Reel, Mr. McGowan's.....Messrs. Andrews and Howard
Dance—La Polka.....Miss Sophia Walton
Song—Cheer, Boys, Cheer.....E. H. Harding
Feats of Balancing (kindly volunteered).....Mr. R. Maguire
Beautiful Tableaux Dance, etc., etc., from the beautiful ballet entitled "La Syphide".....Misses Mary and Jennie Partington, Walby, Juliette, Burke, Hampton and Leslie
Serenade—Good-night, Beloved (Balfe).....Miss Eva Brent
Dance—La Mandrillon.....Miss Juliette
Song—Columbia Rules the Sea.....C. Swain
Song (kindly volunteered).....P. H. Ward
Dance—Dansanie Medley.....Miss Mary and Jenie Partington, A. L. Walby and H. Leslie
Song—I'm Afloat.....Young America
Dance—Bobbing Around—Medley.....Miss Agnes Hampton
Song—Sally in our Alley.....G. R. Grahame
Double Irish Jig.....Miss A. L. Walby and Mr. H. Leslie
Song—Effie Sunshine.....Miss Eva Brent
Dance—Jordan Medley.....Miss Mary Partington
Comic Song—Blow ye Winds.....Young America

PART III.

Quadrilles.....Orchestra
Song—Hark, I hear an Angel Sing.....Young America
Duet—Alice, Alice Well.....Misses Mary and Swain
Song—Oh, Whisper what thou Feelest.....Miss Eva Brent
Song—Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye....G. R. Grahame
Song (kindly volunteered).....Miss H. O. Lalande
Song—Irishman's Shanty.....Young America
The beautiful Scotch tableaux and dance entitled
BURNS' DREAM.
Misses Mary and Jennie Partington, A. L. Walby, Juliette and Ione Burke

ARAB BROTHERS, Or BURLESQUE CIRCUS.
Messrs. Andrews, Howard, Leslie and company.
Cornet Medley—All Nations.....Orchestra
The benefit of MR. J. W. ANDREWS, the inimitable "Old Bob Ridley," will take place at the MELODEON on FRIDAY EVENING, July 8, 1859, when will be produced many new novelties worthy of the occasion.
The patrons are particularly requested to report to the proprietor any inattention or overcharging by the waiters.
There is a fine dress-circle for ladies and children.
The management will produce new novelties every evening.
Admission, 13 cents. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert to commence at 8.

FRANK RIVERS, Proprietor.

KENO!
DEDICATED TO EMILE ARES,
BY MATT O'BRIAN.

Dem games vat's in dis coundry
Dem vas hard to understand,
Ospechilly for a foreigner
Vat comes off Deitcher land;
But I am vone of dose happy boys
Who always vants to know,
Und so I dackled dot leetle game
De shorters call KENO!
Chorus.—Oh! my! dot vas a game!
Bud listen und I dold you so;
I don't vas make some money at
Dot game you call KENO!

I use to vas boss in a bier-saloon
Vat kept on Bowery street,
Und lots of nice young men called shports
I often used to meet.
Dem blay'd some cards mit numbers on,
Und shpot dem buttons so;
But ven I tell I'm got a "case,"
Somepody'd say KENO.
Chorus.—Oh! my! dat vas a game! etc.

I blayed me dot game efery nide
For dhree or four months or more,
Till a auctioneer come und sold me oud
Of dot first-class lager-shtore;
Und ven I'm naked "How is dis vas?"
Dot feller says "Don't you know?
Dot comes off blaying dot leetle game—
Gone oud! I'm boss! KENO!"
Chorus.—Oh! my! dot vas a game! etc.

BANKS, ARCHER & ROCKWELL'S CIRCUS IN 1849.

Sam R. Welser the clown, who is still before the public, sends us a bill of performances by the above-named company, given in Barbadoes, W. I., for his benefit, Nov. 15, 1849. The company left New York June 1, 1848, for South America, and the performances referred to were given on the return trip home. Of those in the company, William Archer died in Cuba May 24, 1850; George W. Archer died in Baltimore, Md., Feb. 7, 1865; William Odell died in Philadelphia Oct. 28, 1866; George W. Smith died in this city some years ago; Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, also Miss Isabel Stuart, are living in retirement in Roxbury, Mass.; H. Smith is before the public. When the show was in Martinique, W. I., Burnell Runnells and Fred and Richard Rivers joined. After a three months' tour of the islands the circus returned to New York. Fred Rivers is dead; the others are living.

THE SPLENDID BAND FROM THE GARRISON WILL ATTEND.
NEW YORK CIRCUS.
By permission of His Excellency the Governor, etc., etc.
PRICES REDUCED.
The last benefit of the clown
MR. S. R. WELSER.
ON TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 13, 1849.
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performance to commence at 8 o'clock.
BEST PERFORMANCE OF THE SEASON.
The celebrated Chatterbox Gabbie Joke, who will make himself perfectly useful on this occasion; his tongue will be well oiled and work on a pivot.
"HELP ME THROUGH THE WORLD."
"Let those now laugh who never laughed before,
And those who always laughed now laugh the more."
The performance will commence with
A GRAND ENTREE,
Led by Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Archer.
JUGGLING with balls, plates and crockery of every description by the clown Mr. Welser.
TERRIFIC FIGHT for a ride between the country boy and cook, Welser the clown.
HERCULEAN FEATS OF STRENGTH with heavy weights by the clown Mr. Welser.
THE CIRCASSIAN PRINCESS in rich costume by the female equestrian Mrs. Archer.
GRAND CONTEST BY THE ATHLETIC in agility, flexibility and high leaping, led by Mr. H. Smith and the clown Mr. Welser, in which there will be a great trial of skill between them.
MR. G. W. SMITH in his daring equestrian act on two horses, in which he will carry Master Thomas in many difficult and beautiful positions.
COMIC SCENE OF THE CLOWN,
with his new polka, but of his own invention of many shapes, also showing the largest rock boa-serpent ever exhibited in the West Indies, which he will place in different positions about his body.
THE DEATH OF THE MOOR,
in defence of his banner, thrillingly illustrated by Mr. Archer.
By request, the little prodigies
MISS ISABEL STUART AND MASTER THOMAS
will dance
THE POLKA OF BOHEMIA.
The whole of this night's wonderful performances will conclude with a comical afterpiece, invented by the clown to suit his own capabilities, entitled
MAKE FUN FOR THE MILLION.
PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.
The Pipemaker.....Mr. Welser the clown
Harlequin.....Mr. H. Smith
Old Man.....Mr. Bosse / Ghost.....Mr. Williams
Tickets for sale during the day at the establishment, and in the evening at the theatre, at the Circus.
SMOKING STRICTLY PROHIBITED.
Ladies will not be admitted in the dress-circle unless accompanied by gentlemen.

KITTY MALONE.
BY R. HARCOURT.

I'm Kitty Malone, ti... [illegible] ...reen Isle I adore—
I live in the town of ...larney—
From Cork to Colera... ...nd the Causeways' wild shore
I've flaunt milk in th... ...as and my blarney;
I've flagant milk in th... ...aste little jar,
Likewise some pots ... ...from the mountain,
Distilled in the moon... ...t, and brighter by far
Than spray from the ... ...re's crystal fountain.
Chorus.—Then here's t... ...ar Erin, the happy and free;
Success to t... ...sons and her daughters;
Her boys' ar... ...e strong to resist every wrong,
Her girls' h... ...s are pure as her waters.

If, foot-worn and wear... ...you're anxious to rest,
Goat's milk and pote... ...will restore ye;
If fortune has frowned ... ...d your soul is depressed,
They'll banish the e... ...s that hang o'er ye;
If smitten by love, and ... ...e maid prove untrue,
Don't grieve—for one ... ...as you'll gain twenty;
Just moisten your lips ... ...th the rale "*mountain dew*,"
Of sweethearts you then may have plenty.
Chorus.—Then here's to dear Erin, etc.

If scorched by the heat of the sun's burning ray,
My draught you will find cool and pleasing;
If chilled by the cold on a bleak Winter day,
'Twill warm and prevent ... limbs freezing.
Then who'll have a dra... ...of sweet milk and poteen,
Served up with a bl... ...a blarney?
And pray don't forget ... own Irish colleen,
Young Kitty Malone? ...larney,
Cho. ...—Then here's to dear Erin, etc.

THE FIRST PUBLIC
Theatrical Exhibitions at which Money Was Received for Admission in Boston, Mass.

The colonial authorities of the State of Massachusetts were opposed to theatrical amusements. The first allusion to the subject was made by Increase Mather in 1686, who said: "There is much discourse now of beginning stage-plays in New England." There are no records that any were actually given; but it is conceded that the first public dramatic performance given in Boston was Otway's "Orphan, or the Unhappy Marriage," which was acted in the Coffee-house, in State street, by two young Englishmen, aided by some volunteers in that town. In March, 1750, the General Court of Massachusetts passed a stringent act against theatrical performances, inflicting a penalty of twenty pounds upon any person or persons who should let any place whatsoever for theatrical entertainments, and like penalty to be paid for each and every day the premises were so used. Furthermore, a penalty of five pounds was inflicted upon every person who might be present at such entertainments where a greater number than twenty should be assembled together. One-half of the above penalties accrued to his Majesty for the use of the Government, and the other half to the informer. Many attempts were subsequently made to repeal these laws, but in vain. In 1775 General John Burgoyne arrived, with other generals and troops, to reinforce the British army in Boston. During the previous year a drama from his pen, entitled "Maid of the Oaks," had been produced at Drury-lane Theatre, London, and, to relieve the monotony of headquarters, he produced his second drama, entitled "The Blockade of Boston," in Faneuil Hall. It was very likely frequently acted, and a good story is told of an incident which happened during one of its performances, probably in the Spring of 1776. "In one of the merriest scenes of the drama, a sergeant, without his hat, and in the wildest confusion, suddenly rushed upon the stage and shouted in a voice of thunder: 'The rebels!—the rebels!—they're attacking the neck,' which the audience, supposing to be part of the dialogue, applauded very loudly, being struck with the soldier's highly natural acting. A few minutes afterwards the beating of the drums served to break the illusion, and the scampering-off of the actors put an end to the play."

In 1784 prohibitory laws were enacted. Hallam & Henry, on June 5, 1790, presented a petition to the Legislature for leave to open a theatre; but the petition was not considered. In 1791, several prominent citizens brought the subject before a town meeting, and, being in the majority, requested the representatives in the General Court to effect a repeal of the law. When the matter came up in the Legislature, after much discussion and several ballots being taken, the law was sustained by a vote of 99 to 44. A committee of prominent citizens built a theatre, in everything but the name, which they called the New Exhibition Room, in Board alley, now Hawley street. Board alley was originally a path made through a pasture by the worshipers in Trinity Church who resided in King street, and derived its name from the fact that it was subsequently boarded over. The theatre held five hundred persons, and was first opened Oct. 10, 1792, under the management of J. Harper. We append a copy of the opening bill of performances, kindly contributed by a gentleman of this city. Of the people mentioned therein, Mr. Harper was a member of Hallam & Henry's company, and first appeared therewith in this city Nov. 21, 1785, in the Johnstreet Theatre, acting Stukely in "The Gamester." He became a favorite in light comedy, and was the original impersonator in America of Charles Surface. He returned to New York in 1800, after an absence of eight years, and then declined an offer to go to Europe with Cooke. He died in 1805. Alexander Placide was the most graceful rope-dancer and the best acrobat that had then visited America. He made his first appearance in this city Feb. 3, 1792. By his second wife, a daughter of the celebrated Mrs. Pownall, he had a numerous family, among whom were the late Henry and Thomas Placide, Caroline (afterwards Mrs. Waring, and now Mrs. Richard R. Blake, and living in retirement), Eliza (the late Mrs. Mann), and Jane, who died unmarried. Mr. Placide was for many years manager of the theatre in Charleston, S. C. He was also comanager with Messrs. Green & Twaits of the Richmond (Va.) Theatre at the time of its terrible conflagration, Dec. 26, 1811. He died of yellow-fever in 1812. Mme. Placide was an admirable dancer and pantomimic actress, and an invaluable aid to her husband. We have no record of the precise date of her death.

NEW EXHIBITION ROOM,
Board alley, Boston.
FEATS OF ACTIVITY.

This evening, the 10th of August, will be exhibited Dancing on the Tight-rope by Monsieur Placides and Martin. Mons. Placide will dance a Hornpipe on a Tight-rope, play the violin in various attitudes, and jump over a cane backwards and forwards.

INTRODU

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

NO A STRAYED LETTER, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every lot or, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that by a recent change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for the week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Feb. 14.

LADIES' LIST.

Arnold, Ella
Arlington, Ella
Batchelder Mrs Wm.
Baker, Mrs. F. F.
Brooks, Katie (vocalist)
Burt, Ida
Biddle, Mrs. L. I.
Baker, Mrs. Sarah A. (2)
Bittman, Mrs. Grace
Britto, Mrs. Emma (2)
Booth, Alice
Briggs, Ada
Benson, Jennie
Bliss, Louisa
Drayton, Gussie
Carlton, Nellie (of Boston)
Carroll, Sara E.
Collins, Mrs., Kate (3)
Dearden, Fannie (3) 6c.
Davis, Lizzie 4c.
Dyon, Laura
De Veare, Emma
Dargon, Augusta L.
Esmond, Ella
Ferguson, Mrs.
Florentine, Lillie P.
Freeh, Nina
Gray, Ada
Gleason, Mrs. Alice
Granville, Gertie (2)
Gibson, Mrs. Edith
Byron
Hastings, Kate
Henri, Flora
Herbert, Carrie
Hastings, Lizzie (p. o.m. Bkn. Eag.)
Holman, Mrs. Harriet
Hand, Mrs. Thos.
Howard, May
Irwin Sisters
Ifferd Sisters
Ince, Annette (2) 15c.
Jee, Mrs. H.
Jackley, Ida (gymnast)
Jenner, Amy (with "Alleghanians")
Jenner, Mrs. B. Webb
Kartswell, Johanna
Kellogg, Alice
Lent, Jr., Mrs. L. B.
Langley, Georgie
La-la, La Bella
Langdon, Mrs.
Loftus, Miss Sidney
Leach, Emma (vocalist)
Leigh, Ora
Langley, S. Mary
Laurent, Edna
Mason, Mrs. Jennie
May, Georgie
Montague, Louisa (vocalist)
Medina, Miss M.
Mohring, Frances
Marshall, Clara
Meaham, Pauline
Merrett, Mrs. Martie
May, Etta (of Berdue's Co.)
Neville, Emma (2)
O'Neil, Hattie
Pepper, Mrs. David
Pullman, Mrs. H.
Phillips, Emma
Palmer, Minnie
Rainford, Alice
Rowell, Kittie
Richmond, Josie
Ray, Maggie
Riddons, Ida
Siegrist, Mrs. S. A. 5c.
Stuart, Mrs. Celia
Crisp
Stewart, Adeline
Smith, Julia Hill
St. Felix Troupe
Sanyesh, Mad. 15c.
Stanley, Maude
Santord, Julia
Sanford, Nellie
Street, Mrs. Martha
Sidell, Clara
Stanley, Flora
Swinburne, Marie (2) 6c.
Siegrist, Addie
Tournaire, Mad. Louise
Thompson, Charlotte 6c.
Venus & Adonis
Vincent, Nellie
Wiegle, Minnie (of Wiegle Sisters)
Watson, Mrs. Louisa
Whitney, Emma
Wildman, Clara
Warner, Flora
Wade, Ida M.
Zoerner, Anna (2)
Zephy, Mlle.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Arlington, Jos. Y. 3c.
Austin, Chas. Amateur" (4)
Allen, J. No. 8.
Adams & Lee (2)
Aldao, Enservio
Allen, Wm. Lawrence
Austin, Chas. (late of Athens, Tenn.)
Artcom, Chas. (2)
Archer, Chas. (author)
Asmus, Harry (musician)
Aia.—(gymnast) (2)
Abbey, W. (manager)
Allyne, E. T. J. (2)
Andrews, Wm.
Arcider, Chas. (late of St. Joseph, Mo.)
Aymar, W. B.
Byrne, Ernest
Bacon, Jno. L.
Bailey, Jno.
Bergan, E. S.
Bryant, Jno. (2)
Barnum, P. T. (2)
Bailey, Harry
Barr, Jno. (musician) (2) 6c.
Blossom, James (song-and-dance)
Baker & Farron
Booth, E.
Butler, Jas. (of Frayn Co.)
Byers, D. F.
Baker, E. H.
Barber, A. J.
Bilton, Chas.
Blossom, Jas. (2)
Bennett, Wallace
Bryan, Edward
Brand & Leland
Brault, Louis
Barrett, Wm.
Beehm, E.
Burr, J. L.
Bastino, Chas. 6c.
Buckley, J. Hector, etc.)
Barnett, Louis
Bush, I. T. (3)
Buckley
Blitz, Francois B.
Bowman, Jno.
Bryant's Minst., Manager of Boyd, Chas.
Barr, Geo.
Blake, Harry (leading "bis")
Braham, Harry N.
Riaisch, Chas. F.
Bacon, Leon G.
Brown, Chas. (of Stevens' Co.)
Burgee, G. (comedian)
Blanchard, Harry
Bliss, Geo.
Blossom & Nat" 3c.
Brown, F. A.
Buckin, Jno.
Bliss, Walter (musician)
Benjamin, Harvey
Barnum, W. (of Howe's Cir.)
Birdue, Robt.
Burrows, Mabel
Beedle, C. C.
Chace, Wm.
Clark, Jas. W.
Collins, C. H.
Cooke, Louis E.
Carter, J. Heneage
Courtaere, Cortier
Chapman, Thos. (of G. L. Fox's Co.)
Chase, H. (Adelaide Cellar-store "bis")
Clark, "Lew"
Clark, H. G. 3c.
Cushman, Frank
Callender's Georg. Minst., Manag. of
Candall, Chas.
Cole, W. W. (2)
Connors & Coleman "C. B. A."
Carlysle, L. H. (6)
Cohan, "Jerry"
Campbell., Bartley
Clapp, "Lew" (comedian)
Clarence, Mr.
Carter, Louis (with Van Amburgh)
Cuiver, A. 10c.
Crawford, Jno. S. (of Murray's Cir.)
Crawford, J. C. (of Carson Co.)
Cranfield, H.
Chapman, Ed.
Coup, Geo.
Coleman, D. W.
Carroll, Jno. W. Commonwealth Minst., Manag. of
Crawford, Jno. (of Kit Carson Co.)
Clinton, Arthur (2)
Constantine & Lebelaire
Clifton, Frank R.
Catercoq, Jno. F.
Converse, Frank
Doris, Jno.
Durand, W. W.
Dupree, Alex. H.
De Haven, Geo. W. (2)
Dunbar, Geo. W.
Dodge, B. ny.
Dunbar, E. C. (2)
Davis, Harvey L.
Davidson, Wm. (of Mitchell Co.)
Davis, J. Chas. (2)
Dumont, Frank (2)
Doris & Batchelder
Dykeman, Ed.
Dixon, G. W. (leader)
D'Alma, Prince Sadi
Eckert, Prof. Jno. (3)
Eisman, R. (leader)
Frankum, Geo. W.
Forepaugh, Adam
Forepaugh, Jas.
Frank, Tony
Forbes, Chas. (manager)
Forepaugh, Adam Peltzner, Frank
Fehr, Geo. A. (2)

THE following professionals are notified of letters awaiting them at the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office: Alice Worrell, Jas. Kelly & Nellie Worrell of Kelly & Leon's Minstrels, Jas Keyes of Keyes' Minstrels, Mrs. Eliza Glasford, Dollie Bidwell, J. P. McCabe, Jas. Perah of Hall's Co., W. E. Morse, agent, and manager of German Milit. Band.

THERE were letters at the Fort Wayne (Ind.) Post-office on Feb. 11 for W. T. Elliott, agent of Adelaide Phillips' Opera Co., and MRS. Lee Rankin (6).

Hastings, Lizzie (p. o.m. Bkn. Eag.)
Holman, Mrs. Harriet
Hand, Mrs. Thos.
Howard, May
Irwin Sisters
Ifferd Sisters
Ince, Annette (2) 15c.
Jee, Mrs. H.
Jackley, Ida (gymnast)
Jenner, Amy (with "Alleghanians")
Jenner, Mrs. B. Webb
Kartswell, Johanna
Kellogg, Alice
Lent, Jr., Mrs. L. B.
Langley, Georgie
La-la, La Bella
Langdon, Mrs.
Loftus, Miss Sidney
Leach, Emma (vocalist)
Leigh, Ora
Langley, S. Mary
Laurent, Edna
Mason, Mrs. Jennie
May, Georgie
Montague, Louisa (vocalist)
Medina, Miss M.
Mohring, Frances
Marshall, Clara
Meaham, Pauline
Merrett, Mrs. Martie
May, Etta (of Berdue's Co.)
Neville, Emma (2)
O'Neil, Hattie
Pepper, Mrs. David
Pullman, Mrs. H.
Phillips, Emma
Palmer, Minnie
Rainford, Alice
Rowell, Kittie
Richmond, Josie
Ray, Maggie
Riddons, Ida
Siegrist, Mrs. S. A. 5c.
Stuart, Mrs. Celia
Crisp
Stewart, Adeline
Smith, Julia Hill
St. Felix Troupe
Sanyesh, Mad. 15c.
Stanley, Maude
Santord, Julia
Sanford, Nellie
Street, Mrs. Martha
Sidell, Clara
Stanley, Flora
Swinburne, Marie (2) 6c.
Siegrist, Addie
Tournaire, Mad. Louise
Thompson, Charlotte 6c.
Venus & Adonis
Vincent, Nellie
Wiegle, Minnie (of Wiegle Sisters)
Watson, Mrs. Louisa
Whitney, Emma
Wildman, Clara
Warner, Flora
Wade, Ida M.
Zoerner, Anna (2)
Zephy, Mlle.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

McDoy ell, E. A. (2)
Masaroo, Theo.
Melville, Wm.
McDonough, Thos. B. 24c.
McKenzie, J. Fred.
Morgan, Jos. (musician)
Morton, Jno. (of Walt-rus Morton)
McClosky, Mr. (author)
McGill, Wm. (2)
Morse, Wm. F. (2)
Marchano, Prof.
Morris, Danl. (with MacEvoy)
Mason, Ned (manager)
Meyer, Marcus R.
Maurice, J. C.
Miles, Wm. G.
Martin, Saml. (song-and-dance)
Mayo, J. W.
Murdy, Saml. (2)
McWade, Robt.
Murdock, Saml.
Murray, Jno. H. (circus prop.)
Moore, L. G.
Mack, Wm. A.
Martinez, Eugene
McKever, Jno. (musician)
Marsden, Fred.
Murphy & Mack
Maryon, Theophil-us
Nichols, Chas. (p.o. m. London, Eng.)
Nobles, Milton
Norton, Neolo
Nicholls, R. H. (of Mrs. Oates' Co.)
Oliver, Sam.
Ogden, Jos. E.
O'Reardon, Prof. M.
Owen, W. W.
Orrin, Senor G. F.
Praeger Family
Pennoyer, A. S.
Preite, Robt. H. (2)
Peasley, Jno.
Picket, Mr. (scenic-artist)
Pond, E. S.
Parker, "Ned"
Philleo, S.
Parr, Chas. T.
Palmer, Jno. (of Europ. Cir.)
Queen, Montgomery (3)
Rapier, Jno.
Rushel & Co.'s Cir., G. W.
Rivers, Jno. C.
Riddell, Weldon
Robinson, Prof. Wm. (leader)
Rose, Wm. (of Bridport, Eng.) 10c.
Robbins, J. E.
Russell, Sol S. (2)
Roberts, Jas. H.
Rickaby, Jno. (2)
Rothwell, Thos. G
Rogers, "Steve"
Robbins, Burr
Rooney, Patrick
Riches, Geo.
Strebinger, F.
Seals, Archie
Schofield, Fred. S. (2)
Sutherland, J. L.
Stutts, J. G. (2)
Sickner, Rich.
Smith, D. H. (with Dup & Bened.) (2)
Smith, Wm.
Speyer, Fred. F.
Scott, A. R.
Smith, T. C. (of Cole's Co.)
Sackett & Thompson
Steele, Chas. 34c.
Sands, P. B.
Searles, Thos. G.
Sanford, Mr. (of Conway, Adam. Hall)
Smith, W. H. (with Heywood Bros.)
Sherwood Bros.
Scott, Robt.
"Silver Cloud" Shay, Chas.
Stowe, Wm. H. (with Cook's Cir.)
Sells, L. (of Sells' Bros.)
Seymour, Harry F.
Sexton, M. C.
Steele, Frank
Sandford, W. H. (agent)
Schwartz, "Lon"
Sullivan, J. J.
Thomas & Heeney
Taylor, Prof. E. C.
Toomey, W. F. 5c.
Talbot, Harry
Turner & Roche
Terry, R. S.
Tammy, Edward
Taylor, Prof. E. C.
Toole, T. R.
Tayler, Thos. (of Janauschek Co.)
Thomas, Erwin
Taylor, Jos. of Taylor's Co.)
Taylor, Jos. (banjoist)
Templeton, Jno.
Van Aburgh & Co.
Wells, C. B.
Williams, L. Percy
Washburn, F. S. (2)
Wires, R. L.
Worden & Mack
Waldron, D. G. (manager)
Wildmar, F. J.
Weaver, A. C.
Wood, Chas.
Winnett, Thos.
Worden, R. (of Bryant's Minst.)
Wright, Charles (circus "biz")
Whitney, Jno.
Ward, Jno. (of Internat. Cir.)
Watson, Wm. (p.o. m Grantham, Eng.)
Wardrew, A.
Wiggins, Saml.
Wentworth, Walter
Warpool, Chas. F.
Wallis, Max.
"X and U. B. Square" Yale, Chas.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Feb. 14, '76.

This is St. Valentine's Day, but there is not the same enthusiasm attending its presence now as was manifested in past years, when the young and the old of both sexes seemed to feel it incumbent upon them to remember lovers' vows and old grudges; and, so remembering, to send letter-missives that breathed of constancy and affection, and all the other professions that serve to make up the lover's stock in trade; and those who were *not* in love, but who bore malice to their fellow-creatures, invested in caricatures, and sent them on their errands of devility, to breed discord and envy and hate in the bosoms of old offenders, who, in return, hurled back the flaunting lie; and, as some of these responses got into the hands of the wrong parties, general confusion and bitterness ensued, and there were vows of eternal hostility and much other unhappiness—ten times worse than the grievances complained of by our dear Brother Wilde of Plymouth Church. But we live in an age of progression, of improvements, and, probably, of sisterly love and devotion; and, therefore, the caricatures are ignored, and the beautiful and the true rule triumphant in St. Valentine's Court of Love. Here is a truthful specimen of seventy-seven we have received by this morning's early mail, and the cry is "Still they come:"

BE MINE.

'Tis sweet to love, and have that love returned—
A love for which my heart has ever yearned;
But, oh, 'tis sweeter far to wedded be for life,
And of a true and loving soul be the faithful wife!
Then'rt not in all to me—what pale when thou art nigh,
And languid hearts pour forth a plaintive sigh;
O look with rapture at thy feet I pine,
And choose thee for my own true Valentine.

Thus has our tender heart been wrung this day, and thrice three score of times we've given that heart away; and yet they are not happy. That we have been the recipient of a batch of slanderous missives, 'twould be deceitful to deny. They have hedged us about and inflicted such wounds as only woman can inflict. Here is a sample, taken at random from a pile before us:

THOU PERJURED VILLAIN.

I'll follow thee, though hell stand in the way;
I'll follow thee throughout the live-long day;
Nor seek to shun the avenging arm of Hate,
Which rankles in my soul, thou Devil's mate;
Who was it lured me from pure virtue's shrine,
And *do* me what I am—a slave or thine?
Who, in the guise of tenderness and truth,
Robbed me of honor, purity and youth?
Thou oldest all this thou perjured hell-hound ghoul;
Thou blighted my fond hopes, and seared my soul!
But be thou man or devil beast or fiend,
Vengeance shall be mine until the end!
Thy victim, pestered by thy shameless breath,
Will drive thee to the dark abyss of Death!

It may be well to observe that the above precious morsel is embellished with a skeleton and a real dagger, and in one corner, in red paint, is the likeness of a horned devil in pursuit of some deceitful villain, the latter intended, no doubt, to represent us. But we assure the indulgent reader that there is some mistake about this—it should have been sent somewhere else, as we never deceived the guileless heart of a living creature, never sought fair woman's love except "with a view to matrimony." ..... A correspondent in Montreal sends to us the following query:

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* Please to instruct me, through your valuable paper, how to get up such a thing as an elephant on ice for a masquerade, and oblige a CONSTANT READER.

Our intercourse with elephants has been very limited; but "Our Jim" has seen the elephant in every phase of his existence, in many distressing situations, and in every conceivable difficulty. To him, therefore, we submitted our correspondent's communication, and the young man, after proper consideration of the subject, offers the following as his advice:

MY FRIEND.—This is no esy thing to du, for a ellerfant is hard to handil, and is a dangersome broot wen he thinks yoor afrade of him. Sum ellerfants is more dispozishibl than others, but all thare is to yo wistahs as a mool, wich is more trubbel and more deseetful than sum wimmin is; so, but koon to name wood be to slander the bote ears. There is sum ellerfants hoose mistin is pesed, and hoo oba thare keper like tha wus a boy kowed down by 2 much lickin, as I happin to no. Of the karacter of yure ellerfant I hav no noldig, and I thro it on, anlogether, for resins, as yu air aware. But as to the mane pint of yure trubbil I kin help yu, and that brings us tu the munnum bonem of yure remarr—how to git up an ellerfant on ise: First—if yure annermil has bin down on the ise a good wile, he has probly froze to it, as enny numskul ort tu no—in such a case yu will hav tu bild a bunfire onder him and ther him out, or yu wil understand; this ma make him frackshis, but hede it not. O hede it not. If he thors out sioly, so much the better, for then yu git time tu arange the other mechenery witch is vital in the sucksess of this manover. Wile the ise is sizzin, and the ellerfant is uncongelin', hav yure derrick reddy—it shud be hi and strong and well brased—plant it rite over the boddy of the broot's back; see that the windlass be wel greased and the kogs fre from kinks; yu will now git 2 chane kabils, wich gently pass onder the ellerfant—do not forgit to remember this, or yure trubbil will sul be in wase. Mak a slip not of the end lint of the kabils, and run it thru the pully at the xtreme hite of the derrick. Hav yure horses and men reddy, and the more the merrier the beter. When yu are all set, then yu se him chord out, giv the word "Pul wun, pul aul," and if tha aul pul together, yu kin git up yure ellefant in stene minnits. I hav ofin tride this with sucksess, and haint never faled wunst. No charges fur this.

"OUR JIM."

.....No, James; there are no gymastic performances at the Union-square Theatre, though they have a *netting* there. *Elytinge* is the double intendre.).....Somebody writes to us from the Providence Opera-house that *Savory* has an excellent *turnin dressing*. This is a very deep joke. "*I'd a rest* the man who made it," remarks Jim. Well, James, we'll let *Ida rest*. [To those who are so deeply in love as not to understand the point, we might say that *Miss Ida Savory* is the party alluded to.—ED.).....It seems that Mr. Chappelle is the agent of the Washburn Sensation, which appeared recently in Titusville, before the Titusvillains of the town. At the same hotel stopped that injured man, Theodore Tilton. Chappelle registered his own name as agent of the show, but, not recalling the name of his assistant, and leaving a blank space, carried out the word "assistant." Brother Tilton, entering immediately afterwards, wrote his name in the blank space, so that the line read: "Theodore Tilton, assistant agent Washburn's Sensation." Of course, discovery of the mistake showed Brother Tilton that there are other problems of life than the care of his assistanting

BARRY SULLIVAN as Richard III made his first appearance in Indianapolis, Ind., at the Academy of Music Feb. 7. "Richelieu" was given 8, "Hamlet" 9, 11, "The Gamester" 10, and "Richard III" 12. His conception of the character of Richard was very vivid. His action was classical and free from mannerisms, while his reading was nearly perfect. The support was fairly good. Miss Dollie Peak's Lady Anne was a decided success. Miss Florence Chase as Queen Elizabeth created a good impression. Mr. Cathcart assumed the double part of the Duke of Buckingham and Earl of Richmond with decided ability. He is a good reader and a good actor. Mr. Sullivan will open a week's engagement at the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., 14. .....The Academy stage will remain vacant 14, 15, and will be occupied 16 by David Seing of Chicago, who will lecture on "The Ideal Novel." A benefit tendered to the young daughter of the late Miss Susan Denin by the citizens is announced for the 17th. "Child of the Storm" will be the play. Donavin's original Tennesseeans are announced for 18, 19. .....At the Grand Opera-house Kelly & Leon's Minstrels have had the boards, and gave entire satisfaction to large audiences. Letter of Feb. 12.

THE ANNIE WAITE COMBINATION is to perform in Dallas, Texas, Feb. 16, 17, 18, 19, Longview 21, Marshall 22, 23, 24, Shreveport, La., 25, 26.

FURMAN'S FIFTH-AVENUE COMBINATION performed in Owens' Academy, Charleston, S. C., Feb. 7, 8, 9, 10. Business was very good. They opened on Monday in "Led Astray," and on Tuesday and Wednesday gave "The Two Orphans." They closed their engagements with "David Garrick" and "Romeo Jaffier Jenkins." Route from there: Columbia, S.C., 11, Augusta, Ga., 12, Atlanta 14, 15, Nashville, Tenn., 16, 17, 18, 19.

J. J. MCCLOSKEY has assigned the entire right to play his drama of "The Trail of the Serpent" to Jacques Kruger, and in a card in this issue notifies managers that rights to others have been revoked.

MLLE. MARIE ZOE, pantomimist and sensational actress, begins an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, Canada, Feb. 21. She desires managers not to confound her with other performers who have adopted this name, and notifies them that Mlle. Zoe the Cuban Sylph has not played in New York this season. She is open for engagements. See card.

GEORGE W. BARKMAN writes to us from Baltimore, Md., under date of Feb. 11, that "Walter Benn, the manager of the late combination playing 'Katie the Hot-corn Girl' in the Maryland Institute, after playing the piece for nearly two weeks to an apparently good business, comes to the company with promises, but no cash."

FRANK AIKEN'S DRAMATIC COMPANY performed in Fremont, Neb., Feb. 7, 8. Council Bluffs, Iowa, 9, Sioux City 10, 11, Fort Dodge 12, 14, and thence to Des Moines 15, 16, Ottumwa 17, Burlington 18, 19, Cedar Rapids 21, 22, Clinton 23, 24, Dubuque 25, 26, McGregor 28, Madison, Wis., 29, Walleron March 1, Milwaukee 2, 3, 4.

THE FAIRCHILD-TAYLOR STAR ALLIANCE, during their re-engagement of eight nights in Galveston, Texas, are reported as being successful. They were re-engaged in Austin Feb. 10, 11, 12. They now start eastward over their old Southern route. During the past three months they have made a complete tour of Texas.

P. J. TOOMEY and T. C. NOXON, the well-known scenic artists of St. Louis, Mo., were in Memphis, Tenn., the past week, painting scenic effects for the coming Mardi-gras celebration.

BARRY SULLIVAN has been engaged by James Hamilton of the Wheeling, W. Va., Opera-house for one week. He plays in Wheeling Feb. 21, 22, thence to Springfield, O., Dayton and Columbus, where his engagement with Mr. Hamilton expires, and he then goes direct to San Francisco, Cal.

OUR SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., correspondence, dated Feb. 8, is as appended:

The production of the old tragedy, by John Webster, of "The Duchess of Malfi," at the California Theatre, on Jan. 31, was an event of some importance. Professional and literary circles, especially, manifested interest towards the occurrence, and it came that the audience, although of considerable numbers, was more distinguished for quality, however, than for size. To the greater part of the assemblage the production of the tragedy was a novelty, for it is something over twenty years since James Stark, now dead, brought it to the light in one of the pioneer theatres. The experiment of restoring the long-disused play to life was regarded with kindly spirit, and the success accomplished by the powerful manner in which it was rarvified inspired a feeling of admiration. To say the tragedy was immediately popularized would be unreasonable, for the audiences failed to increase in numbers, although not deteriorating in quality to indicate that the grandeur of its broad and sweeping passion, its rugged and gothic strength of character, as realized under the hands of Mrs. Waller, Barron Field, Henry Edwards and T. C. Keane, possessed a fascinating interest to a no small minority, is to keep within the bounds of temperate utterance. The strength the performance gathered from lofty surroundings of scenery, however, was not to be denied without reserve. The imagination is open to great influence when certain emotions and passions are associated with harmonious locality. The interest in "The Duchess of Malfi" is heightened by the background of the haunted glens and moors of Scotland, and the blaze of "Othello" in keeping with the warm and colored life of Italy. So on the stage of this theatre the horror, gloom and fatality of "The Duchess of Malfi" was emphasized by scenes of ruined abbey walls, chapels with illuminated, stained windows, richly decorated chambers, and landscapes of foliage by night. The mounting given to the tragedy was worthy of particular praise. After keeping the stage until Feb. 4, it temporarily was succeeded by "Elizabeth," in which Mrs. Waller, although showing intellectually, failed to make an impression equal to her predecessors in this character, owing to want of variety and energy, with force at command. Next she appears as Lady Macbeth, Iago and Romeo. Mrs. Scott-Siddons is to begin an engagement Feb. 28. A play from the French by Barton Hill, called "Jeanette," is in preparation. .....Little is to be said in regard to the other theatres in the absence of new events. "Snowflake" is announced for one more week at Wade's Opera-house, and the attendance is as much sustained by the curiosity felt to see the new theatre as by the attractions of the spectacle. Miss Alice Kingsbury's engagement begins 14. The departure for New York of Mr. Eby has, last week, been delayed until this, and he starts for that place Feb. 7, to make engagement for the company and secure stars. It is said that Katharine Rogers and Frederic Robinson have both been engaged for the leading business already.....The attendance at the Opera-house has been greatly increased by the appearance of Jolly Nash, the Kanuck comic singer, who enjoys a popularity of a widespread description. J. M. Norcross, the interlocutor, had a benefit Feb. 4, when the Opera-house was crowded so densely that the spectators stood for some distance back in the lobby-entrance. .....Maguire's Theatre will reopen its doors on the 14th, the attraction being Mrs. Oates' Opera Troupe.....Baldwin's New Theatre will be inaugurated within three or four weeks, and the rapid progress of the work will soon enable an accurate description of this beautiful structure.

From our SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., correspondence, which arrived too late for publication in our past issue, we excerpt the following:

Mrs. Emma Waller began an engagement at the California Theatre Jan. 24, acting Meg Merrilies in the presence of a large assembly, and business continued good up to date. Her impersonation of the character was pronounced the most powerful the local stage had ever seen ..... "Snowflake" continued a second week at Wade's Opera-house to a good attendance, and it is announced for another week. Cora Adriana was unable to appear on three nights, on account of illness; but she has recovered, and is fulfilling her customary duties. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is ready for production at any time. The withdrawal of "Snowflake" is to be followed by an engagement with Miss Alice Kingsbury, a great local favorite some eight years ago. Efforts are being made to secure Edwin Booth and it is said that $30,000 for thirty performances have been offered him, the money to be deposited in New York before Mr. Booth starts for California. [The probability is that Mr. Booth will decline all offers to go to California until after his proceedings in bankruptcy are settled.—CLIPPER.] Colonel Charles Thorne's new theatre on Bush street will probably be opened Feb. 14, and it is thought that the Oates Troupe will inaugurate the performances and that Barry Sullivan's appearance will be subsequent thereto.....Clara Louise Kellogg has contracted to sing in the early Summer.....The minstrels at the Opera house are doing a good business. Jolly Nash is to begin an engagement Jan. 31, and on Feb. 7 Arlington and Rice are to take the places of Welch and Sutton..... The performances at the Palace Theatre have been changed from dramatic to minstrel and variety. The company consists of R. G. Marsh, stage-manager; Frank Jones, Jake Wallace, John Conden, Williams and Christy, O'Dale and Walsh, Swan and Bates, and Mark Murphy. Viola Clifton, Maggie St. Clair, Louise Somers, Miss Linda, Philomena, Millie Martine, Carrie Leon, and Hattie Mathews..... Both Hermann and the Jubilee Singers have relinquished the idea of going to Australia, owing to the unfavorable advices received from there, and are on their way eastward.

MUSICAL.

FRED JEWELL, first or second violin player, desires an engagement with a traveling company. He advertises to write songs of all kinds to order.

"KINDLY, GENTLY SPEAK TO MOTHER," Dank's new first-part song, can be obtained of Roe Stephens, publisher.

THE PEAK FAMILY Swiss Bellringers are to perform in Brunswick, Mo., Feb. 17, Carrollton 18, Lexington 19, Sedalia 21, Jefferson City 22, Mexico 23. The company includes Wm. Peak Sr., Ed S. Peak, D. Clinton Smith, Master Dot, Master Spark, Little Jakie, Paul Hebard, H. B. Underhood, Oscar Cavenaugh, J. D. Fitz, Alf Wyman, Frank Herrett, Fanny Peak and Nellie Pennoyer. Andy McKay is the general agent, and Charles E. Tuttle programmer.

THE RICHINGS-BERNARD COMIC-OPERA TROUPE played to fair-sized houses in the Wheeling, W. Va., Opera-house Feb. 10, 11, and Youngstown, O., Feb. 12. Route: Buffalo, N. Y., 14, Geneva 16, Ithaca 17, Binghamton 18, Scranton, Pa., 19.

MAX HORTER, pianist, advertises for an engagement. He has lately been traveling with the Tom Thumb Troupe.

THE MALONE ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE engaged at the Richmond (Va.) Theatre Feb. 9, 10, 11, 12, in "Lucia De Lammermoor," "Huguenots," "Marriage of Figaro," "Lily of Killarney," and "Ernani."

THE FOLLOWING musical events are announced to come off in this, N. J., week: 16, the Philharmonic Club, to be assisted by Miss Laura Schirmer and the Crescent Quartet Club of that city, at the Opera-house; 17, The Young Apollo Club in "Trovatore" and "The Bohemian Girl;" 23, Mlle. Theresa Titiens in the opera of "Norma," at the Industrial Exhibition.

"HILDEBRANDT MONTROSE," "Boulevard," and all the popular airs of the day, with words, are published in a cheap and attractive form by Harding, who advertises.

PROF. A. K. GOODALL Jr., violinist, pianist, etc., concertizes at Tamworth, N. H., Feb. 17, Sandwich Centre 18, Rochester, N. J., 20, with Jeff. C. Tilton, second violinist and basso, Newell comique, and Fannie Tilton. He can be engaged to travel with Mr. Tilton by addressing as per card.

CAMILLA URSO concertized in Toronto, Ont., Feb. 11, to good business.

MLLE. EUGENIE PAPPENHEIM and troupe will render "Faust" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music Feb. 17.

THE BURGESS FAMILY and Sol Smith Russell, who closed a successful season of two weeks in Boston, Mass., on Feb. 12, are to perform in Lynn, Mass., Feb. 14, Fall River 15, Newport, R. I., 16, Chelsea, Mass., 17, Lawrence 18, Cambridgeport 19, Portland, Me., 21, Rockland 22, Lewiston 23, Augusta 24, Bangor 25, and Saco 26.

ARABELLA GODDARD'S CONCERT TROUPE performed in Fort Wayne, Ind., Feb. 9, Logansport 10, Richmond 11, and will be in Springfield, O., 14, Newark 15, Zanesville 16, Wheeling, W. Va., 17, Steubenville, O., 18, Pittsburg, Pa., 21, 22.

THEODORE THOMAS gave the first symphony concert of his second series at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Feb. 8. Mrs. Emily Bateman made her first appearance in Philadelphia on this occasion. She possesses a sweet and powerful soprano voice.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY of Philadelphia will sing "Stabat Mater," and other sacred music, at Horticultural Hall, in that city, on the 25th inst.

THE "CONSUMERS' AMATEUR ORCHESTRA" is the title of a society of musicians recently organized in Philadelphia, and now under the instruction of Mr. Boohamon.

BLIND TOM will give four performances at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the occasions of Feb. 17, 18 and 19, and at a matinee on the last-mentioned date.

THE ART MALE SINGING SOCIETY of Philadelphia will give their second concert on the 19th inst. at Musical Fund Hall, in that city, with Hugh A. Clarke as conductor.

THE WILLOW GLEE of Philadelphia will give their sixth annual concert on the 17th inst., at Handel and Haydn Hall, in that city.

MADAME MINNIE ROHEM will have a testimonial concert on the 18th inst. at the Masonic Temple Hall, Philadelphia.

FELIX FRITZSCHE, baritone, will give a concert at Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia, on the 16th of March.

A YOUNG MAN, who advertises that he has a good voice for comic singing, desires a position on the stage.

VARIETY HALLS.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, despite the counter attractions at other places of amusement, the attendance has been uniformly large during the week ending Feb. 12, being, in fact, the best so far this season. The Phoites, the Claire Sisters and Julian Kent were the attractions during the past week. The Phoites appeared in an excellent grotesque entertainment, in which their comic dancing met with deserved appreciation. The clever contortionism of Minnie and Maggie Claire, and the daring aerial act of the latter, were also much appreciated. The ballet of "Magnolia" held a prominent position in the programme, thanks to the able manner in which Miles. De Rosa, Elise, Leontine and Sallie Api executed their respective solos. The sensational drama of "Wild Bill," with Julian Kent in the title-role, concluded the programme. Julian Kent sustaining with much spirit his part, meeting with much applause after his wrestling scene with the educated bear Julia. The character of Jed-diah Broadbrim found an amusing and competent representative in Harry G. Richmond. Miss Eloise Allen closed here Feb. 2. The new faces announced for the 14th inst. are Maggie and Billy Ray, Miss Blanche Correlli, and Charles T. Ellis. J. M. Mortimer's efforts to offer a really excellent entertainment to his patrons deserve the due return which is now undoubtedly being made here.

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Indianapolis, Ind., will be opened under the management of Simon McCarthy, Feb. 28, and sensational dramatic stars are notified that they can secure dates on liberal sharing terms. See advertisement.

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE COMIQUE, Cincinnati, O., the new appearances on the 7th were Thomas J. Ryan, whose Irish character songs made an immense hit; Bryant and Williams, song-and-dance artists, who made a favorable impression; Blanche Daly, vocalist; Rosa Doyle, dancense; H. Victorelli and Young Eidon in trapeze act; Annie Braddon in serio-comic selections; and Roebuck and Thornley in a boxing bout. The show given this week was very large and good, and business has sensibly revived. The drama of "Gildersey" opened the programme, and a female minstrel scene, closing with the "Cancan," wound it up. The departures 12 will be Maggie Bewers, Fred D. Harris and Fanny Florence, for Indianapolis; John Cannon, Phil Heath, for Toledo; W. J. Daly, for St. Louis; Mlle. Bertha, for Louisville; John Foster, for two weeks, to Louisville; El Nino Eddie and Robuck and Thornley. New people 14: E. R. Dalton, Mrs. Dalton, Murphy and Mack, Grammon Brothers, George Morton, Lizzie Aldine, and Flora Leontine.....The Metropolitan opened on the 7th under the management of J. H. McMakin. The programme embraced a farce; Jennie Leslie's vocalisms; Billy Maloney in wooden-shoe hornpipe; John McVeigh's songs-and-dances, and Kate Montrose in serio-comic vocalisms; Sheffer and Nelson in a funny act called "The Mischievous Boy;" Billy Maloney and Mabel Gray in Irish duets; Bennett Sisters in dances; Sheppard and Whitney in song-and-dances; and the drama of "The Black Hills," with J. W. Berkley as Ralph Reynolds. Business has been very fair. The only departures 12 will be Bennett Sisters, for Pittsburg. Coming 14: Francis Norton, Sam Cole, and J. W. Berkley's new drama "The Cincinnati Blacksmith."....At the Eldorado, Billy Reed has joined. Robt. V. Ferguson took a benefit 7, which was well attended.....Ned Reed has been added to the company at the Adelphi. Letter of 11th.

AT NOONAN'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, Lizzie Legrange, Ida Morris, Linda De Vere, Sallie Eldridge, Bob Wilson, Mel. Kurtz and Charles De Vere were the principal members of the variety company performing there during the week ending February 12. Charles De Vere, the stage-manager of this establishment, is to have a complimentary benefit on the 15th.

FRANK HARRIS and Gustavus Penjet, charged with stabbing Thomas Delhang, a teacher of clog and jig dancing in Philadelphia, were arraigned for a further hearing on the 9th inst. at the Central Police Station in that city, but were discharged, owing to the non-appearance of the prosecutor.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, Philadelphia, before Judge Peirce, on the 10th and 11th of February, was argued the case of John Conway and wife vs. Joseph Mortimer. This was an action for damages for the failure of defendant to comply with the terms of a contract to engage Lizzie Conway as an actress for the season of 1873 at the Variety Theatre, Tenth and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia. For the defense, who was claimed that W. J. Gilmore, with whom said contract was made, had no authority from the defendant to make such agreement, and that it was, therefore, not binding upon the latter. The jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiffs of $379.51.

AT LANDY'S MILITARY HALL, Philadelphia, the attractions during the past week have been the Boisset Brothers, Mons. Leroux and Mlle. Emoclew, Miss Lou Edwards, and Eddy Weaver, the programme concluding with "La Bal Masque."

JAMES MACK, a clever jig-dancer, and Frank Carlton, Ethiopian comedian, were the new faces at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, during the week ending February 12. Ed. Banker made a decided hit in his new change-act. James Ward the juggler, Prof. Mitchell and Miss Maggie Pearl open here on the 14th inst.

THE NEW NATIONAL THEATRE, Tenth and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia, is approaching completion, and will be one of the finest variety theatres in the country in respect to the completeness with which the stage and auditorium will be provided with all the modern improvements. For as much as this has been done constructed that at a trifling cost the theatre can be converted into a mammoth market-house, if such a change should be deemed necessary.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Eleventh and Wood streets, Philadelphia, has again collapsed, a few weeks sufficing the last aspirant for managerial honors at this apparently ill-fated establishment.

CONCERT HALL, Chestnut street, above Twelfth, Philadelphia, it is reported, has been leased as a variety theatre for a season of eight months, commencing April 3.

THE HANLAN & HART COMBINATION were at Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 10, Chattanooga, Tenn., 11, 12, Nashville 14, 15, 16. All business communications for the above should be addressed to Mart. Hanley, manager, as requested in Messrs. Harrigan & Hart's card, in our business department.

THE BRAHAMS, musical sketch artists, are now performing at the Adelphi Theatre Chicago, Ill.

FERDINAND WITMAN, with Mlle. Scharlotta, in their Tyrolese warblings, cat duets, guitar solos and English and German songs, will be at liberty to accept engagements in Feb. 21. See card.

ST. JEAN BROTHERS, horizontal-bar performers and club-swingers, are open for engagements. See card.

FROM MOORE'S OPERA-HOUSE, Youngstown, O., Seamon and Somers and Emma Clifford left for Akron Feb. 12. The Crawford Brothers are billed for 14.

THE NEW CENTENNIAL THEATRE, Akron, O., is to be opened Feb. 14, with Collins Carr, proprietor, and B. C. Taylor business and stage manager. The company announced is as follows: Miss Belle Celeste and Frank Monroe, Kirk and Drew, Seamon and Somers, Dave McCoy, Johnny Goldrick, Master Tommy Sweeney, Burt Taylor, the Irwin Sisters, Ella Showre, Nettie Arlington, Emma Clifford, Minnie Warren, Cora Adams, and Jennie Hughes.

SHOOTING FRACAS.—In the Houston (Texas) Opera-house, during a performance by the Misco Brothers' Variety Troupe on Feb. 2, an affray took place between W. W. Gregor, the lessee, and Mr. Holmes, one of "the solid men of the city," resulting in Mr. Gregor receiving painful but not dangerous flesh-wounds. Two shots were fired, and caused quite an excitement in the audience, but, the police arriving, they soon quieted things, and the performances were continued to the close.

THE PUBLISHER publish a list of their sketches in another column, and warn all managers and performers against producing them, as they will prosecute all infringements on their copyrights.

THE NEW NATIONAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, Pa., when completed, will be under the management of W. J. Gilmore, with H. W. Williams as stage-manager. This Manager Gilmore states in a card in another column to set at rest all reports to the contrary.

MISS HATTIE ELLIS and her troupe of performing dogs have received quite a share of commendation from Manager Porter, Wilkesbarre, Pa., for their performances at his house. They are now playing at Germania Theatre, Scranton, Pa., and join Ida Cerito's troupe Feb. 21. All communications can be directed to Andy Scott, as per advertisement.

MLLE. BAUMGOLD'S MUSICAL TROUPE performed in Greenville, Pa., Feb. 9, Meadville 10, Oil City 11, Titusville 12, and are billed in Corry 14, Jamestown, N. Y., 15.

COL. W. E. SINN, manager of the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., advertises for variety performers, one-week stars particularly for a season extending from March 27 to the last of April.

THE ORRIN BROTHERS, acrobats, are now performing in Marseilles, France, and will return to America in time for the Centennial. They publish their address in a card in this issue.

THE PROITER, grotesque dancers, now engaged at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., open at the Globe Theatre, this city, Feb. 28.

VARIETY PERFORMERS, especially song-and-dance men, are wanted at the Adelphi Theatre, Evansville, Ind. See advertisement.

A LADY PARTNER is wanted by Dan Cushing, Irish comedian, vocalist and dancer. Address care of this office.

THE COLEMAN SISTERS' TROUPE closed their traveling season in York, Pa., Feb. 5, and returned to their home in Philadelphia, Pa. Charles and Emma Austin, who are known as the Merry Austins, intend forming a specialty troupe, and are to give their first performance in Hebron, Ind., on or about Feb. 28.

CARRIE HERBERT, serio-comic vocalist, is open for an engagement. See card.

JOHN WILLIAMS "the Lancashire lad" has been engaged with Hooley's Minstrels for the season.

HARRY MONTAGUE, the serio-comic vocalist, sketch artist, etc., still continues at the Globe Theatre, this city, where he has been engaged as one of the permanent features.

EMMONS AND BROOS, song-and-dance performers, assisted by Master Haney, juvenile acrobatic song-and-dance artist, are reported to be meeting with success at Bay View Varieties, Pensacola, Fla., and announce their first open date as March 20. Address care of this office.

VICTORIA AND LITTLE EIDON, and Miss Annie Braddon announce that they have no open dates until May 1. They can be addressed care of this office.

CHARLES BOYD and Thomas Wade, song-and-dance artists, have formed a copartnership under the title of Boyd & Wade. They joined Haverly's Minstrels Feb. 12, and can be addressed care of this office.

DAVIS & CO., agents, Cincinnati, O., advertise for a number of people in different branches of the profession, and state that they would like to hear from ladies and gentlemen desiring engagements for the tenting season.

LITTLE ARDINE commences an engagement in New Orleans, La., March 6, where managers can address.

LENA EDWIN and Bland Holt began an engagement at the Bella Union, San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 31.

AT THE NEW PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, L. I., the programme for the week ending Feb. 13 comprised Louis and Pauline Parker in the sketch of "The Hopper Family;" Jennie Hughes and Maggie Grey in serio-comic songs; Scanlon and Cronin in "Life in a Tenement-house;" Miss Jennie Morgan in operatic vocalisation; Western and Walling in the sketch of "The Old Back Gate;" Sam Devere, banjo-solos; Emil Goreux in a barrel act, and later in double juggling, hat-spinning, etc., assisted by Madame Adelia; Joseph Gulick, improvisatore comic vocalist; the Miniature Sixty-ninth Regiment led by Jennie Hughes as colonel; the whole concluding with the two-act drama "Waiting for the Verdict." This week E. T. Stetson in "Valley Forge" and "Neck and Neck," interlarded with a majority of above variety features.

GORMAN'S THEATRE COMIQUE, Memphis, Tenn., has been doing a good business. The new appearances were Master James Cusick, who opened Feb. 10, and who does a very clever clog. The departures were Maud Deburg, for Little Rock, Ark., 8. J. Holmes Grover Jr., dramatic artist, is billed to appear 14.

FEMALE TALENT is wanted at Harry Hill's Variety Theatre. See card.

FLYNN'S GLOBE THEATRE, New Orleans, La., is still receiving the attendance of large audiences. Among the new appearances Feb. 7 Miss Blanche Selwyn achieved the most notable success. She is the best in male character changes that has visited this city for years. She was received with repeated applause, and encored until the stage-manager was compelled to beg the audience to desist. Miss Jennie Sothern, a pretty and graceful serio-comic, was also warmly received. Miss Mollie Sommers executed new German character songs-and-dances with much skill and vivacity. Redmond and De Vere gave acrobatic songs-and-dances in black, and were encored. Ben Gilfoil also achieved a fine success, and when recalled burlesqued the song just given by Miss Selwyn in a manner which brought down the house with laughter. Johnny Smith was acceptable in banjo-solo. Among the retained favorites is Miss Amelia Dean, who gives some of the finest living-statuary exhibitions ever seen here. Miss Christie Morell has retained her popularity as an interpretess of serio-comic songs. The other artists retained are Miss Nellie Taylor, Alice Gilmore, Jennie Burdell, May Olive, Minnie Cook, Bella Bent, and Messrs. Weaver, Harry Thompson, Weaver, Gallagher and Manning. Departures: La Pauline and Mr. Barnum, to Dallas, Texas; Mlle. Albertine and Jimmy Thompson, destination unknown. Advices of Feb. 8.

JOHN DILLON, for his second and last week at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., appeared as Trotter Southdown in "To Oblige Benson." Our correspondent says: "He is a very amusing actor, quiet, but exceedingly quaint and clever. He was followed by W. H. Morton in what he calls his mottosongs. Mr. Morton has a strong, pleasing baritone, a distinct enunciation, and the songs he sings are models of their kind. Each has a moral of its own, brought in in a taking way, so that the auditor swallows a dose of excellent morality without really knowing it. Songs of this kind, presented in such a manner, do an amount of good in the way of educating the masses that can scarcely be realized. After this came Murphy and Morton, with Irish songs-and-dances. Their clog-dancing gained a hearty encore. The Girards then performed their act entitled "Legmania," which is rather remarkable, though resembling the Majiltons' in the main. Wm. Henry Rice performed his burlesque prima-donna act. Harper and Stanall, the one-legged artists, appeared in their songs-and-dances, the same as given by them when they were with the Buckley Serenaders, at Beethoven Hall, earlier in the season. Griffin and Rice in songs-and-dances, and Ella Wesner in her male character-acts, finished the olio. Then came the pantomime of "Flick and Flock," with Grimaldi Adams as the Clown, W. H. Bartholomew as Pantaloon, and Helene Smith as Columbine. W. H. Morton, the Girards, Wm. Henry Rice, and Griffin and Rice closed Feb. 12. Harry Bloodgood, Corrigan and Birdue, Sig. A. Belletti and Mlle. Bertha Belletti opened Feb. 14."

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, St. Louis, Mo., has done an unusually large week's business. The fresh arrivals on Feb. 6 were Ben Dodge, the Haley Brothers, Baby Bindley and the St. Felix Ballet Troupe. Eddie Bailey is still entertaining at the theatre, and cannot dance, as he constructed a short sketch, in which he played on old man, and, aided by his brother Tommy, gave an enjoyable performance. Baby Bindley played on the musical glasses, and also sang "Muldoon" in a manner which secured her a double encore. The St. Felix Ballet Troupe were seen in graceful dances and jigs, and proved to be cards. Ben Dodge sang about Boss Tweed, and extemporized very cleverly on subjects given him by the audience. Closing 12: Weslyn and Casey, Nelly Pieris, M. Austin and Mlle. Cora. The Robinson Family and Dutch Clara are announced for the 13th. The great wrestling match between Ernest Hackenschmidt and Rigal for the (imaginary) stake of $1,000 drew the largest house of the season. The match took place Feb. 8, but by twelve o'clock each had only won two falls. The deciding contest took place Feb. 10, and was won by Jules Rigal. Letter of 11th inst.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., the bill for the past week embraced some excellent features, foremost among which was "The Pony Circus," introducing Little Pauline and her trained pony Louise Victoria. Cassim and Fritz in acrobatic feats, Emerson and Clarke in song-and-dance. Mons. Frederick in globe feats, Mons. Carlyle and son in posturing acts, John Peaseley and Mlle. Lea in jigs, together with the regular company in sketches, made up the olio. "Baltimore as it Was," an adaptation from "The Streets of New York," was given as the afterpiece. W. H. Wilson and W. Egan in a Dutch character furnished the chief interest of the play. On the 12th the only departures were Mons. Carlyle and son. On 14 Shed Leclaire, gymnast, is the only new card..... At the Odeon Varieties the following people composed the company for the week ending Feb. 12: Jessie Howard in serio-comic songs; Melinda Nagle in fancy dances; Fanny May in songs; Burton and Kelly in song-and-dance. The departures were Jessie Howard, to Washington, D. C., and Burton and Kelly, to Lockport, N. Y. The new faces for the 14th are Zella, Professor Parker and Kitty Stanley. Letter of Feb. 13.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Providence, R. I., was crowded at every performance the past week. The regular variety programme was discarded Feb. 5, and in its place was produced in fine style "The Black Crook." The ballets were excellent, the scenery new and handsome, and the specialty acts first-class. Carrie Boshell made a hit as a serio-comic vocalist. James McDonald made his first appearance here, and was enthusiastically applauded in redestal dances. Baby McDonald was a decided success in her songs. For an encore she gives a comic song, which, by-the-bye, is rather too long-drawn-out. Mons. Carron and Sons in their gymnastic performances were excellent, and Pedro La Point, a one-legged dancer, gave some wonderful performances with a crutch. The Austins closed 12, the rest of the company remain. Advices of Feb. 13.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did an excellent business during the past week. The new arrivals Feb. 7 were Annie Fletcher in songs-and-dances, Venus and Adonis in velocipede exercises, Crossley and Elder in athletic exhibitions, the Franklee Sisters in their new Irish sketch of "Hi-Hi," George France, supported by D. A. West and the stock company, in the drama of "Wide-awake," introducing the trained dogs Don Cæsar and Bruno. The departures Feb. 12 were Barney McNulty, to join Maffit & Tyler's "Humpty Dumpty" Combination, Geo. France, D. A. West, Crossley and Elder, and Annie Fletcher. The announcements for Feb. 14 are Washington T. Melville in the sensational drama of "On the Watch, or the Shadow of Death," the three Winner Sisters, and John Williams.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., has enjoyed a most rousing good business. Prof. George White appeared. He does a novel act, being a bone-solo, during which he exhibits his abilities as a jumper, jumping over tables, chairs, etc., always keeping in time with his bones. Little Ardine is a pretty little brunette, quick and active in her changes. Collins and Carlisle "put" pugilism in a big attraction, whilst in her clog dance she took the house by storm, her steps being difficult, in good time, and her movements very graceful. Adrienne Grey continues the great vocal card. She closes 12, going to Buffalo, but returns here again in six weeks. Also closing are Nettie Arlington, Colonel Arlington, Bessie, Oscar and Kate Schindler, and the Garetta Troupe. Coming 14 are J. E. Green, Lizzie Harmon, Annie and Charles Whiting, Harry Clifford, Harry Spriggs, Lottie Grant, Hurley and Marr. Annie Clark opens at Mozart Varieties 24. Letter of Feb. 12.

AT THE ADELPHI, Chicago, Ill., the new faces Feb. 11 were Harry Hart, who fills a position on the end in the minstrel scene creditably; the Brahams, in their musical sketches, who made a great hit; Adams and Ransome, whose delineations of Teutonic character were well received; Alfred Liston, in an interesting monologue on mirth-provoking glasses, etc.; Harry Lester, who executes a rather crude song-and-dance, much to the edification of the gallery; and two sketches by the company. Miss Flora Baker, late of the Hall Combination, has been added to the stock. Departures 19: Lorline and Watson, Harry Hart, Delehanty and Hart, Brahams Bros., Challett, John Le Claire. Opening 14: "The Big 4," J. A. Gulick, Dorr and Worland, King Sarbro, the Austins, and the Belmonts.....At the Coliseum the past week were the following: Satsuma and Little All-right, the Cawthorne Children, Jeppe, Fanny Delano, Bertie Lingo, Barlow Brothers, C. H. Raymond, Lottie Brown, and "The Great" Gaston. Departures 12: Jeppe and Fanny Delano to St. Louis; Lottie Brown, to Pittsburg. Arrivals 14: Waite Sisters, Lena Lillian, Albert and Jennie Lemont, De Witt Cook, and the Kine Bros. Advices of Feb. 12.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Fall River, Mass., the following are booked for Feb. 15: John H. Carle, banjoist; Frank and Carrie Lavarnie, sketches; Miss Fannie Montague, serio-comic; Maud Stanley, vocalist; Ned Werner, sketch artist; Griffin and Rice, song-and-dance; Barlow Bros., jiggists; Louise Howard, serio-comic; Miss Clara Saunders, dancer; Clara Slidell, statues; Tom Hedges, piccolo, sketch artist; Dave Walling, comedian; Billy Baker, Harry Leslie, Harry Weston, Dick Devand and Ed. Doyle, comedians. Edmund Pierce opens with the above company at Liberty Hall, New Bedford, on Feb. 14, returning to Carrollton Varieties 16. He carries an orchestra and brass-band of sixteen pieces.

AT THOMPSON'S THEATRE, Dallas, Texas, Feb. 7, the Miacos, six in number, opened to one of the largest houses ever drawn together in that city. Two of the performers were injured on the opening night while doing a flying-leap across the auditorium to the stage. Closing Feb. 5 were Shang Griffith, Viola Stanley, Waters and Kelly, who went to Dennison for one week, from there to Galveston. Geo. Barnum and La Pauline arrive Feb. 9 from the Globe, New Orleans, and Frankie Lee and May Langdon, to be retained are Della Gonzales and Carroll and Carr. The company at present are the Miaco Combination, Samuel Charles, Chas. Green, Harry Howard, Prof. Jordon, W. F. Parker, Harry Frey, John Alexandre, Major Rice, Minnie Hughes, Ada Montrose, Little Nell, Flora Delmar, Alice Willard, Millie Clark, Belle Matthews, Cora Hunter, Minnie Womble and Maggie Williams.

LILLY LINDEN, a pleasing serio-comic singer, was the only arrival at Putnam's new Theatre Comique, Richmond, Va., the past week. La Petite Fontainbleau, only seven years old, in her lightning changes and songs of the day, is decidedly a little artist. James Mulligan in his Irish specialties and rapidly changing from white to black is a host in himself. The Ridgtys have decided to assume their original name, the Leslies. They are fine dressers, and show to advantage in their double clogs and jigs. Harry De Lave as stage-manager, interlocutor, and in general business gives entire satisfaction. Claudin Massey and the Fontainbleau Sisters were the departures Feb. 12, the latter to Norfolk. The King Sisters, Sallie and Clara, serio-comic, and Charles Crowell in roller-skating, are announced to open 14. Advices of Feb. 13.

THE JEE BROTHERS—Harry and William—musical comiques, pantomimists, and grotesque comedians, are open for engagements in their specialties, and can be addressed through their agent, H. S. Sanderson, who advertises.

AT THE COMIQUE, Williamsburg, N. Y., the programme this week includes Harry Watson and Lizzie Sherman, Andrew Gaffney, Ella Mayo, Constantine and Le Clair, Turner and Roche, Carter Brothers, F. M. Mills, Arthur Johnson, Callan and Haley, Kate Melnotte, and F. M. White. Specialty artists can find dates by addressing Manager Theall, as per card.

THE ENTIRE CHILDREN, violinists, in their solos and statue duet, have just closed an engagement at Tony Pastor's Theatre, this city. They announce their first open date as Feb. 21, and can be communicated with per card of S. Lambert.

PROF. PARKER and dogs open at Tony Pastor's New Theatre, this city, Feb. 28. He advertises his dates as being all filled, and that he will travel with John H. Murray's Railroad Circus.

WHITNEY, ventriloquist, is to commence a week's engagement at the Coliseum, Chicago, Ill., Feb. 20.

PHILADELPHIA LODGE No. 2, B. P. O. E., returns thanks to a number of performers, mentioned in a card elsewhere, who assisted at their late benefit, and whose names were omitted in their card in our past issue.

A NUMBER of male and female performers in the variety business are wanted for P. T. Barnum's Centennial Show. See G. B. Burnell's card.

THE NEW APPEARANCES at the Odeon Variety Theatre, Newark, N. J., Feb. 7 were Quilter and Goldrich, who reappeared after an absence of about four months, and were warmly welcomed; Mrs. Whittingham and Master Newman, who proved quite attractive; Harry Sheldon, who does a very clever juggling act; and the La Rue Family, who gave satisfaction in their acrobatic acts. Lulu Delmay, to Boston, for two weeks, thence to New York; the La Rue Family and Frank Cushman were the closures 12.

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